

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

FOR

J U L Y, 1776.

OBSERVATIONS on FEMALE LITERATURE in General, including some Particulars relating to Mrs. MONTAGU and Mrs. BARBAULD.

H
 APPILY we do not live in those days when prejudice condemned our women to ignorance to be deplored. The ridicule which *Moliere* cast on Female Pedantry brought all kinds of Knowledge into such disrepute with the Women of *France*, that many of them made a merit of murdering their mother-tongue: there have been always, however, some Fair-ones, who, detaching themselves from the slavery of custom, have ventured to think, to speak, and to write with propriety; and there are many Ladies at this time in England who do not blush—who have no reason to be ashamed to discover that they are better instructed than the majority of the smart fellows of the age.

The ingenious Author of the *Feminead**, or *Female Genius*, opens his Poem with the following lines, which must be read by every Lady who thinks the “enlargement of her mind,” as well as the expansion of her head,” worth her attention, with particular pleasure:

* *The Rev. Mr. Duncombe, of Canterbury.*
MISCELL. VOL. IV.

Shall lordly Man, the theme of every lay,
 Usurp the Muse's tributary bay;
 In kingly state on *Pindus'* summit sit,
 Tyrant of verse, and arbiter of wit?
 By *Salic* law the female right deny,
 And view their genius with regardless eye?
 Justice forbid!
 Long o'er the world did *Prejudice* maintain,
 By sounds like these, her undisputed reign;
 “Woman! (she cried) to thee indulgent
 Heav'n
 Has all the charms of outward beauty
 giv'n:
 Be thine the boast, unrivall'd to enslave
 The great, the wise, the witty, and the
 brave;
 Deck'd with the *Paphian* rose's damask
 glow,
 And the vale-lily's vegetable snow;
 Be thine, to move majestic in the dance,
 To roll the eye, and aim the tender glance;
 Or touch the strings, and breathe the melting
 song,
 Content to emulate that airy throng,
 Who to the sun their painted plumes display,
 And gaily glitter on the hawthorn spray;
 Or

Or wildly warble in the beachen grove,
Careless of aught but music, joy, and
love."

Heavens! could such artful, slavish sounds
beguile

The free-born sons of Britain's polish'd
isle?

Could they, like fam'd *Ulysses*' dastard crew,
Attentive listen, and enamoured view,
Nor drive the *Syren* to that dreary plain,
In loathsome pomp where Eastern tyrants
reign;

Where each fair neck the yoke of slav'ry
galls,

And in a proud seraglio's gloomy walls
Are taught, that, levell'd with the brutal
kind,

Nor sense nor souls to Women are assign'd!
Our *British* Nymphs with happier omens
rove,

At Freedom's call, thro' Wisdom's sacred
grove;

And as with lavish hand each Sister Grace
Shapes the fair form, and regulates the
face,

Each sister Muse, in blissful union join'd,
Adorns, improves, and beautifies the mind.

With various acts our reverence they en-
gage,

Some turn the tuneful, some the moral
page;

These, led by Contemplation, soar on high,
And range the heavens with philosophic eye;

While those surrounded by a vocal choir,
The canvass tinge, or touch the warbling
lyre.

In the number of ingenious Female Writers who have distinguished themselves in several branches of polite literature, the two Ladies whom we have selected for the embellishment of our present Magazine make a very brilliant appearance. With regard to these Ladies, indeed, the Author of this sheet cannot, for obvious reasons, expatiate on their respective merits in a manner agreeable to his inclination; but he hopes that nothing which he *does* say concerning them will give the least offence. He is very sure, that he wishes to give them rather pleasure than uneasiness, by his sketches of their literary characters.

Mrs. *Montagu*, with a very pleasing person, a liberal mind, a benevolent heart, and a large fortune, appears, in consequence of her combined advantages, in a great variety of attractive situations, in her life, as well as in her writings,

the solidity of her understanding and the elegance of her taste are equally conspicuous:

By Fortune follow'd, and by Virtue led,
Mrs. CARTER.

She is also

With wit well-natur'd and with books well
bred. POPE.

With a mind richly cultivated and highly polished, Mrs. *Montagu* has favoured the Public with compositions which are truly classical, and which may be frequently read with renewed satisfaction.—The *Three Dialogues of the Dead* written by her, and published by the late Lord *Lyttelton* at the end of his own, abound with good sense, sprightly sentiments, and sound morality. The first of these is between *Cadmus* and *Hercules*, and is calculated to set forth the use and excellence of learning. The next, between *Mercury* and a modern fine Lady, is a pleasant ridicule on the trifling, dissipated manner in which our modish fair ones mispend their time. The last, between *Plutarch*, *Charon*, and a modern Book-seller, is a lively satire on the literary taste of the present age, which, to the great disgrace of letters, delights in fabulous, obscene, and immoral romances.

These *Dialogues* certainly discover the fair Writer's judgment and her taste; but they both appear *dans tout leur jour*, in her "Essay on the Writings and Genius of *Shakespeare*, compared with the *Greek and French Dramatic Poets*; with some Remarks upon the Misrepresentations of *M. de Voltaire*."—The merits of this Essay are not, however, confined to a mere defence of *Shakespeare*, or to observations on *Voltaire's* criticisms. It abounds with curious disquisitions, and will undoubtedly hold a high rank among the most classical pieces of the same nature in the English language. The parallel drawn between the conduct of the two Poets, in respect to the Ghost of *Darius*, in the *Perseus* of *Eschylus*, and that of *Hamlet*, as well as the comparisons made between *Shakespeare* and the French Dramatic Writers, are attended with a great number of the most judicious and beautiful observations. The charge against *Voltaire* of misrepresentations, of not understanding the English language, and of his being guilty of the greatest absurdities in his translation of the first act of *Shakespeare's Julius Caesar*, are abundantly proved.

Mrs.

Mrs. Barbauld, who, with the name of *Aikin*, first darted into the poetical world a few years ago, and charmed all those who have a true relish for the effusions of a genius under the immediate inspiration of the Muses, still shines with a lustre sufficient to make the *Mob of Gentlemen* who write "about it, Goddess, and about it," appear like "little stars hiding their diminished rays" at the approach of the sun in his rising splendor. This Lady is not only *poetically enchanting*, but personally attractive. With a countenance in which every thing agreeable in a woman is strongly expressed she prepossesses you in her favour at first sight; and you are doubly pleased with the display of her intellectual powers in conversation with her, as she seems not to be conscious of an understanding superior to the greatest part of her sex. "Her eye speaks sense distinct and clear," when she is silent, and she never opens her lips to deliver her thoughts with an *oracular* sententiousness; nor does she ever converse with an *oracular* duplicity. She never speaks as if she attempted to command admiration; but she says nothing which does not deserve it. With her *lettered* friends she opens her mental stores with the least affectation to be imagined, and is doubly cautious, before the illiterate, to shade her talents with the veil of diffidence, that she may not force them to feel their inferiority. There is, indeed, a delicacy as well as propriety in her deportment uncommonly pleasing; which, joined to the mildness of her manners, and her affability to all kinds of people, throw an inexpressible *charm* over her whole person, and induce us to venerate the beauties of her mind.

With regard to Mrs. Barbauld's poetical compositions, there is a masculine force in them, which the most vigorous of our poets has not excelled: there is nothing, indeed, feminine belonging to them, but a certain gracefulness of expression (in which dignity and beauty are both included) that marks them for the productions of a Female Hand. Her style is perfectly *Horatian*, elegantly polished, and harmoniously easy. The *curiosa felicitas dicendi*, which Genius alone and the ear that Nature has harmonized can produce, is frequently to be found in her beautiful Poems. She has also written some pieces in prose, which, in point of *elegance*, are as much superior to the laboured Essays of our sturdy Mora-

list as the easy motions of a fine Gentleman are, in point of *grace*, to the stiff attitudes of a *Dancing-master*.

West. Mag.

COURT LETTERS.

LETTER XVI.

THE EFFUSIONS OF A FASHIONABLE
LOVER.

LORD L— TO MRS. P—

I HAVE been thinking, Madam, ever since I parted from you last, of the numberless advantages your sex have over ours, and how many little arts you are possess of to get rid of a man whom you do not like, and of trifling with a man whom you do; and really you play off these arts against us poor defenceless devils with such infinite dexterity, that we cannot find out your meaning, nor in the least guess whether we are to look upon your smiles as favourable or delusive. You will laugh at me, I suppose, now, and affect to turn what I have said into ridicule; but tho' you may be in jest, Madam, I never was more serious in my life. But, perhaps, the very solemnity of face which at present exhibits the picture of my mind, may give my features a less advantageous appearance: so that, instead of charming her I love, I may set her directly against me. However desirous Ladies may be of encouraging admiration in the men, most of the sex with whom I have been acquainted agree, that a man when he is really and truly in love, looks lamentably foolish. What then is to be done *with us*, or *for us*; indeed, under the actual dominion of the tender passion, since the feeling of that passion exposes us to the displeasure, and frequently the frowns of the fair object who gave birth to it? If we are *not* sincere, we are justly deemed unworthy of a return of affection; and if we *are*, our sincerity gives an unfortunate expression to our countenance—an expression which forbids us to hope for the smallest degree of sympathetic sensation. In my opinion, therefore, Madam, it is vastly better for us to make no pretensions at all to sincerity or constancy—especially, if they render us so disagreeable. But I submit, with all due deference, to your superior judgment; tho' I am certain that my sentiments upon this matter cannot

cannot be extravagant, as you know as well, if not better than myself, that the most worthless, good-for-nothing rascal, if he happens to be a favourite with the fair, is called a dear agreeable devil, a pleasant toad, or a charming fickle fellow, and honoured with many other endearing appellations of a similar kind. Now, what would I give, what would I *not do*, to merit such animating marks of female favour! Only breathe the slightest hint that you detest a dull and stupid fellow who is continually attached to one woman, and I will become, though I love you with an unremitted ardor, as false, as faithless as you can possibly desire me to be—as I should by so doing recommend myself in the most powerful manner to your attention; and, perhaps, make a deep impression upon your heart. Various are the reasons which I have heard assigned for this peculiar taste in women, this strong inclination to distinguish the most changeable of our sex. Some men have supposed it to arise from a giddiness of temper in them; others, from a passion for variety; others, again, are induced to believe, that the Lady who takes uncommon pains to fix the man who has proved himself the most notorious male-coquette in town by his deceptions and desertions, is forcibly driven by vanity to imagine that *her* charms are sufficient to keep him after the has *won* him.—As for myself, I must confess, I see this affair in a very different light; and am inclined to think, that the encouragement given by the Ladies to men of roving dispositions, proceeds entirely from the greatness of their minds, which will not permit them to endure the idea of confining their admirers to themselves. Consequently they prefer men with souls capacious as their own; men who are full of the noblest, the most generous sentiments; who are totally free from all sneaking prejudices, and who ramble throughout the whole female creation, extracting sweets, like industrious bees, from every *blooming Beauty* which comes in their way.—[Sometimes, too, they whisper whence they stole their *balmy* spoils.]

There is still more to be said in favour of roving. The rover, after having found, like Solomon, who was certainly a fine gentleman, and a man of pleasure, in the highest form, from the vexation of his spirit, that he has sacri-

ficed too much of his time to the gratification of his vanity, will, it is very probable, settle at last, and sit down contented with the woman of his choice—not the woman of the moment; well knowing that he cannot mend himself, and that there is nothing farther for him to do. By this change produced by conviction, his mistress will be quite secure of his heart, and enjoy the supreme satisfaction of having triumphed over all her competitors. On the other hand, the who accepts of a man on his first addresses to her, because he devotes himself to *her* alone, runs the risk of losing him, as soon as the indissoluble knot is tied. His imagination becomes bewildered by variety; whereas he who has seen every thing, has nothing new to behold, and must of course be satisfied—if he is not, unluckily, like a Lady with whom I was once intimately acquainted, and who, tho' by no means in the spring of life, and bloom of beauty, from having *aje ne sais quoi* about her, never appeared without a train of lovers. Upon my asking this Lady, one day, which of the *enamoured corps* was the *happy man*, she briskly replied—"I would have you to know, Sir, that I have no particular favourite. I like them all."—"How can that possibly be Madam?" replied I. "O, mighty well," said she: "I have a very capacious heart." Now, many Ladies, my charming Mrs. P.—, are, I conclude, in the same predicament with this friend of mine: yet tho' this sort of capaciousness is not a qualification which I wish to discover in the Lady of my affections, I must certainly prefer, if put to my choice, a genial warmth to a forbidding coldness. This last sentiment will, I hope, make you think me a very convenient fellow, and also convince you, that if I am not sufficiently fortunate to give you a great deal of pleasure, I shall never give you a great deal of trouble. Upon this consideration, I dare hope to be honoured with some flattering marks of your distinction, and permitted to subscribe myself.

Your enslaved humble servant,

West Mag.

L.

ON NIGHT.

MR. Rymer observes (in the preface to his translation of Monsieur Ropin's

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Rapin's Reflections on Aristotle's Poefy) that no Subject, of all the common places, has more employed the Poets of all ages and languages than Night. In descriptions of Night they have spent all the flowers of their abilities. I have heard a learned Critic assign the following reason for it: that Poets of all ages and languages have been so haunted by Bailiffs, that they never durst venture out, except when Night had taken away the certain appearance of things; and therefore were qualified to describe that scene of nature with more exactness than any other. Whether this be true or not, I shall not now stay to consider.

Next he quotes descriptions of Night from various Poets, whom he proposes to find fault with. He begins with Apollonius's in the Argonautics; which is this: "Night darkned the earrh, and the failors in the sea looked at the great Bear and the stars of Orion from the ships. The traveller and porter desired sleep. Sleep by degrees covered the mother of the dead children. Nor was the barking of the dogs, nor the noise of crowds sounding in the city, but silence held the dusky shades." Mr. Rymer thinking sleep to be the best figure in the description of Night (which is nothing without it,) and taking it for granted that all Poets are of his mind, lays it down for the foundation of his criticism, that "he *would* say all the world was fast asleep." Then he says, "his failors can be of no service to him unless they slept with their eyes open. Nor are the traveller and porter to his purpose, not being asleep, but only having a good mind to it." These drolleries are just enough, if we allow Mr. Rymer his principle. But he has not proved it. He has alieried it, indeed, but that's begging the question.

"'Tis only begg'd, and we may chuse
"Either to grant it, or refuse."

I think nothing more probable than that Apollonius did *not* mean to say "all the world is asleep." My reasons are, that the circumstance of the traveller and porter *specify* the time when business and noise are just ceased, and men are retiring to rest. Had he designed to say so, he certainly would say so, especially as he had the recollection to put the childless woman to sleep; than which nothing can be more natural, for excessive grief disposes to sleep. But so far was he from

designing to say, that all others were asleep, that the failors are represented star-gazing; and indeed, the mere mention of failors in their ships is enough to say, "all were *not* asleep." The traveller and porter are said to *desire* sleep. It is hard to imagine what but preposterous prejudice could ever suppose that a man meant to say, "all are asleep" when he says, "some are wanting to sleep, and some are star-gazing." One would have thought Mr. Rymer a better Critic. Was it because there was nothing else to find fault with? Surely there was. There is a very material fault thro' the whole description: it is not poetical. The objects are represented in plain, unfigurative language, so that there is nothing but downright reality; whereas imagery is the very essence of Poetry, and nothing else is poetical (in prose or verse) but what is dressed up in imaginary fictions: and even without rhyme or metre this makes poetry. Description is either plain and prosaic, or figured and poetic. The first consists in a good selection of real objects, which represents the thing as it is; but poetic description is the same selection of objects, expressed in figures, where modes, &c. are represented as real beings. Of the first sort is Appollonius's. It is quite plain: but the objects are well selected, except the dogs. To say the dogs are silent at night, is false, and to hear them bark is not so agreeable. Here the only course for a Poet to steer is to say nothing about them. Mr. Rymer finds fault with the dogs for being in the description, because, he says, they were unworthy to be introduced into an heroic poem, unless the dogs barked heroically in Greek. Such a remark I think quite unworthy of a Critic. Nothing in nature is too mean for a good description or copy of nature. But though the images in this description are all proper to Night, there are not enough of them. The description is complete. Nor has he given the best, the most striking and pleasing images. But if he had, if he had not set all asleep, Mr. Rymer would have shewn him no mercy. None but the soporific description can pass uncensured by him. This is his chief object in all his following criticisms. The chief ground of quarrel with Virgil, Tasso, Marino, Chapelaine, and Le Moyne, is, because they are too wakeful. I cannot, however, join him, had I no other reason than the

the recollection of Milton's fine apology against sleepy Nights; which is likewise a description of Night that need yield to none.

- "Why sleep'st thou, Eye? This is the pleasant time,
 "The cool, the silent; save where silence yields
 "To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 "Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song. Now reigns
 "Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasant light
 "Shadowy sets off the face of things. In vain
 "If none regard: heaven wakes with all his eyes."

Whoever would criticize or verify well on Night, should observe there are four sorts of Night. 1. The common, undistinguished by any particulars. 2. The disagreeable. 3. The dull. And 4. The delightful Night. Accordingly there are four sorts of descriptions of Night. And the excellence of description is. 1. To represent real incidents. 2. Such as suit with his particular sort of description. And 3. to express these incidents poetically. Accordingly in a common night one will only touch on sun-set, twilight, darkness, sleep, &c. such incidents as in themselves, or, at least, in their description, are neither particularly disagreeable, dull, nor delightful. In a disagreeable night one will touch on gloominess, cold, and every thing disagreeable: and so of the rest. It may not be improper to observe, that to represent a thing disagreeable, one good way is to represent its contrary as agreeable as possible—and *vice versa*. Such, too, is the selfishness of humanity, that to make one hate one's own, it is only needful to praise what another has—and *vice versa*. It is likewise a pretty art in description to represent the same incidents as pleasing in one description, and quite the reverse in another.

Mr. Rymer, considering nothing of all this, fixes upon one sort of Night; which is the only sort he makes any account of, or will have described. This is the dull Night. I have heard the old proverb of "Like to like" applied (but I think not justly) on this matter. Hence one need not be long in assigning a reason

why he gave the palm to the following description against all he had seen:

- "All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead:
 "The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
 "The little birds in dreams their songs repeat;
 "The sleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dew sweat:
 "Ev'n lust and envy sleep."

DRYDEN'S *Conquest of Mexico*.

Whereas every one at all conversant with Poets must know, we have equally good descriptions of other sorts of Night. But, however, let us consider the description. It is indeed a master-piece of dull Night. The first line is (as Mr. Rymer observes) "more home than any thing before it" in this way. The second line is an excellent improvement of Statius:

"*Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.*"

But I doubt whether either be founded in nature. The third line is new and poetical. The fourth line is very masterly. And the concluding hemistich expresses more than many lines of other Poets. Every reader will see inexpressible beauties thro' the whole description. But can any thing be objected to it? Yes: I object, it is not thoroughly dull, and it is contradictory. For what business in a description of a dull Night has such a line as the third? especially as it is contrary to the first. I wonder Mr. Rymer could endure it. True, it is a fine beauty; but not dull. However, he pardons it for the sake of the other four, which are every one asleep, and still. Indeed, all the noise made in this line is the effect of Sleep, and therefore on the whole excusable: therefore, too, he strives to defend it against the objection "it contradicts the first." He apologizes thus: "Not the Poet speaks here, but another person." And he truly represents the nature of Man, whose first thoughts break forth in bold and general terms, but are afterwards more correct and limited. Perhaps so; but the lines are produced by Mr. Rymer, not as a true representation of the nature of Man, but, as the best description of Night. It indeed excels all he produced before, and is a master in its way. It is well for the reader that here

here are no more lines, else perhaps Dullness would draw him into her vortex ; and then.

"He could not blame indeed, but he might sleep."

Let me not be understood as finding fault with Mr. Dryden. I mean it as a compliment. In Poetry, as in Acting, the enquiry of a good critic is not, "What is represented?" but, "Is it represented to the life?" And all I mean is, that the description before us is a representation to the life of a sleepy Night ; and, therefore, may affect the somnolent faculty as a gaping picture may set the spectator a-yawning. The description is not excelled by any ; nor have I seen so much of Night in any five line before ; the images so natural and obvious, yet so poetical. Mr. Rymer has certainly done honor to his judgment in preferring it to all the rest he quoted. I only say it was unnecessary to rear his glory on the ruins of the rest ; especially by finding needless faults in them. We need not (like dogs) bark at the moon, to prove her splendor not equal to the sun's. Only let her be seen in his company, and her inferiority is sufficiently conspicuous. I shall conclude by saying ; tho' many now-a-days lightly esteem Dryden's Poetry, I rank him not beneath, but with Homer, Virgil, Spenser, Milton and Pope.

I presume to subjoin two different descriptions of Night, by the Author of the foregoing Essay. They were parts of a larger Poem, which lies and will for ever lie, unfinished and unpublished. But that these passages may not be lost, he inserts them here.

FIRST DESCRIPTION.

The Sun, bright soul of all this wondrous frame,
From us withdraws his all-enlivening beams,
And rising on some distant land, he pours
Glad Day o'er them ; while thro' our dark'ning sky
Chill cheerless Night extends her drear domain.
The chearing light and quick'ning warmth are gone,
And short-lived twilight quickly fades away :
The distant ding dong dies upon the ear,—

Silent is ev'ry sound of busy life,
Except the creaking lock's ungracious jar.

The feather'd songsters cease their warbling notes,
Save that in some last weak efforts they sing

The doleful dirge of dying Day and song.

Then shrieks the screech-owl, thro' the sullen shades,

Præcentor of the Night's discordant choir ;

While all his brethren answer'ing howl for howl,

Thrill threefold melancholy thro' the gloom.

Borne on his leathern wings the doubtful Bat

In circles drags his sluggish flight along.
The cold dank dew drops dully thro' the air,

And falls oppressive on the drooping plants,

Which nod their drowsy heads, benumb'd to sleep.

Roaring thro' bowing tree-tops deaf'ning blasts,

The mad wines bluster thro' the bleak obscure,

Clap at the windows, rattle at the doors,
And whizzing enter thro' the faithless chink.

Aghast and sick'ning at th' horrific change,
Poor Man retreats for refuge to his bed :
All but the houseless wretch : toss'd out by fate

A helpless prey to ev'ry dire distress,
Expos'd to ev'ry curse of cruel Night,
No friend has he to help him or console,
No food to strengthen, and no fire to warm,

No shed to shelter, and no sleep to soothe.
Now each obscene, light-shunning brute comes forth

To riot in the dark, while others sleep.
The noisy dog distends his yelping throat ;
In hoarse discord answer'ing brays the ass ;

The hollow domes, and walls, and rocks, and hills,

Beat back the din confus'd in viler base,
And fill the echoing welkin with uproar.

'Twere endless wand'ring thro' the dreary wild ;

'Tis dark, and gloom, and horror, all around.

Till owl, and wind, and dog, and ass, and all

Have

Have screech'd, blow'd, bark'd and bray'd
them out of breath :

Then tir'd with revel, sinking to their rest,
Night smothers all beneath her raven-
wing.

SECOND DESCRIPTION.

PHOEBUS, the fiery Father of the
Day,

At length directed down his burning
beams,

To flame on climes beyond the Western
main :

The streamlet purling thro' its pebbly
bed,

Murm'ring threw back his last departing
ray.

The grateful Eye in silent steps stole on,
Illum'd by feebler gleams from Twilight's
lamp.

The Zephyr gently fann'd the sultry air,
And with a quiet kiss inhaling sweets,
He wafted various fragrance from the
flow'rs ;

All winds were still'd except his breathing
breeze.

'Till busy Day quite gone, the sable Night
Curtain'd the weary world in welcome
shade.

Down on the thirsty earth and drooping
plants

The genial dew in plenteous drops di-
still'd ;

The birds attun'd their most melodious
songs

To bless the night, then hush'd—and all
was mute.

Except the warbling pipe of Philomel,
Night's sweet musician, sweetest of the
choir,

All else was silent. Sooth'd to still repose,
On sleep's soft bosom placid Nature lay ;

The stars hung pois'd upon the noon of
Night ;

While Cynthia, empress of nocturnal
hours,

In female Majesty unclouded shone,
Soft rival of her brother's torrid strength ;

And from her silver crescent thro' the sky
Shed milder light to cheer the silent shade.

West Mag.

LUCIA, or the DISASTER ;

AN ANECDOTE.

*Illustrated with a curious Plate, engraved
and Designed by the most capital Artists.*

THE sex are formed by nature to
please ; but from an insatiable thirst

of pleasing, too frequently make themselves
ridiculous. Like injudicious painters,
they overcharge the ground, and by an
extravagance of labour counteract, even
their own intentions. Drest when regu-
lated by the rules of discretion, may
give a heightening to the embellishments
of nature ; but every female is not en-
dowed with that accomplishment, and
therefore most of them frequently hide
those charms by art, which nature design-
ed for admiration.

Darling has made no small profit from
this female mistake ; but when we con-
sider that they seem eager to go beyond his
very caricatures, we do not know which
to condemn most, their folly or their va-
nity. The standard of beauty is found-
ed in proportion, but the present modish
head-dress is about two-thirds of the whole
figure.

In conversation with some gentlemen
of the faculty, I was assured that the vast
quantity of wool accumulated upon the
head of a lady of the *ton*, increased perspi-
ration too much produced *vertigos*,
head-achs, weakness of the nerves, and
other symptoms destructive of the health.

A friend of mine, a woollapler, was
complaining that there was so great a
scarcity in his commodity, that he could
not procure any either for love or money ;
and, he added, it was entirely owing to
the vast consumption of that article by
the ladies. He went so far as to say,
that the demand for that article, in that
way, was no less than upwards of 300
tons yearly. To make this evident, he
entered into a calculation, allowed each
woman upon an average three ounces,
and multiplying that quantity by the
supposed number of females, made out
his assertion beyond contradiction. What
is to become of the clothier, if this pre-
posterous taste should extend itself ; no
one can foresee ; but the consequence is
yond measure alarming.

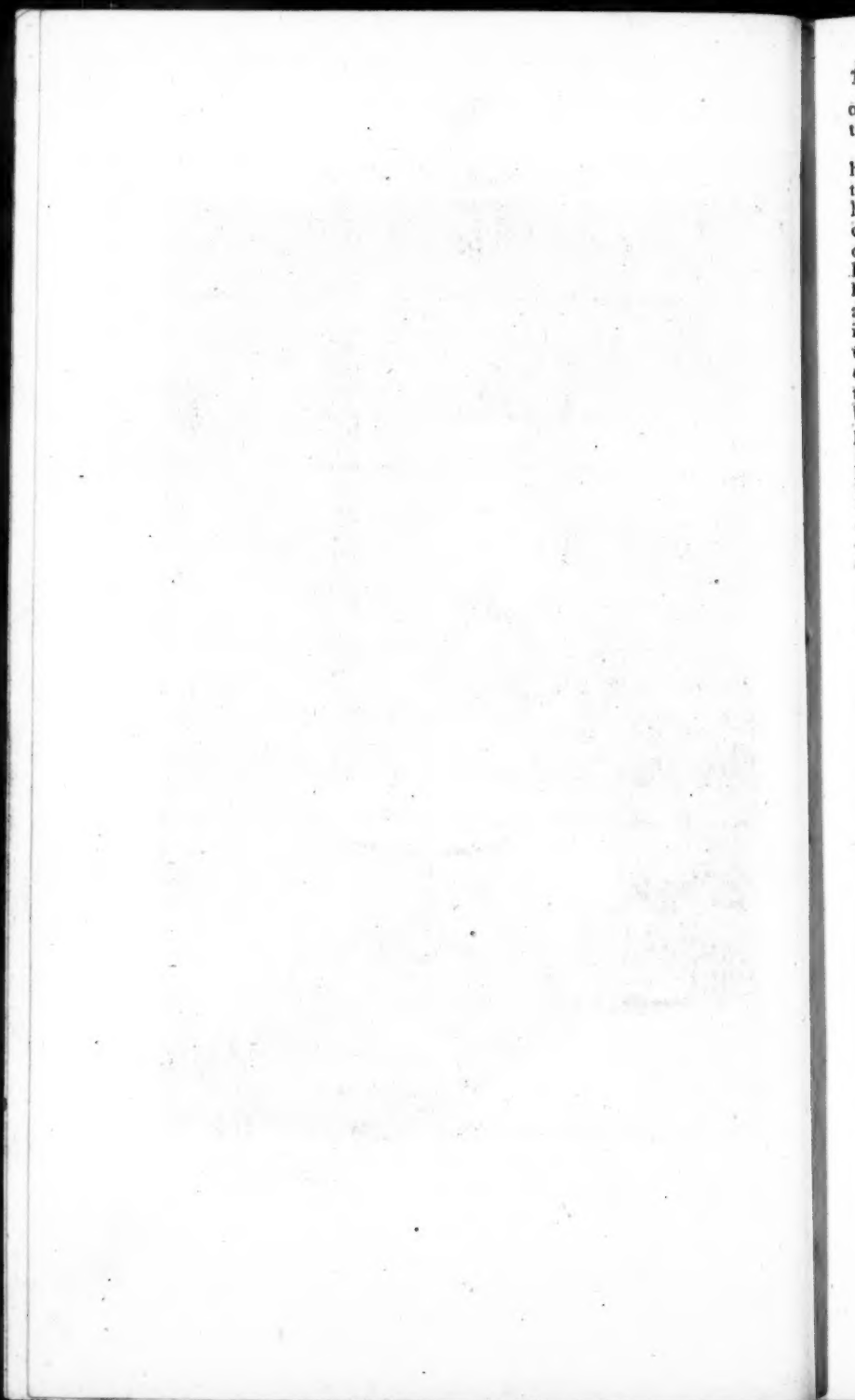
A disaster which happened to a lady
of my acquaintance last week, should
serve as a lesson to those who are so fond
of *lifting up* their heads above their neigh-
bours.

Lucia was celebrated for having the
highest head of any in the neighbour-
hood. Often has she put the chandeliers
in the Assembly Room into a tremu-
lous oscillation. Few doors were high
enough to admit her without stooping.
When she entered her carriage, she was
obliged to go in side-ways, and instead of

The Ladies' Disaster.



*Behold Love's emblem in the thoughtless Dame, While from the lily to're 'tis plainly seen,
Who burns alas! unconscious of the flame; They're mad without, who little have within.*



of sitting upright, leaned her head out of the window on the opposite door.

A *Petite Maitre* who had been used by her with some degree of disdain, was determined to make her feel the weight of his resentment; and with this intention conveyed into her head a dozen Chinese crackers. When Lucia returned home, she took up a letter that lay on her table, and being rather short-sighted, approached nearer to the candle to read it. Unluckily a spark flying from it, fell upon one of the crackers, which went off with a terrible explosion, and set fire to the others. Lucia's consternation was beyond description. The catastrophe deprived her of one of the finest heads of hair imaginable—and she now laments her not keeping within the circle prescribed by nature.

SUBSTANCE of Mr. Justice ASTON's SPEECH in delivering the Judgment of the Court of King's Bench, in the Case of Messrs. HOLLIS and SMITH, convicted of BRIBERY.

YOU, Richard Smith, and you, Thomas Brand Hollis, Esqrs. have been convicted on a charge, that both by yourselves and agents you did bribe, or cause to be bribed, a great majority of the voters at a late election for Members to serve in Parliament for the borough of Hindon, in the county of Wilts. The general charge, as appears by the report of the learned Judge who tried the cause, was not only made good, but the particular charge applying to most of the persons therein mentioned, and said to be bribed, were fully proved; and in a few instances where there was any defect in the specific charges so made, there were circumstances sufficient to induce the Court and the Jury to be satisfied that you were both guilty of the crimes alledged against you. The mode you chose for procuring yourselves to be thus corruptly elected, was varied in several instances, though the principle you acted on, and the effect produced thereby, was the same. You went down to this borough, with a professed intention, accompanied by open declarations, of bribing the electors. One of you (Smith) went publicly to the Cross, and offered yourself a candidate, where it was avowed that the voters in your respective interests were to have five guineas a man. You thus, in the first instance,

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stood forth professed enemies to the constitution, and violaters of the laws of your country. Disgraceful as the crime you were committing must appear to be, to every man who would wish to preserve the freedom of election, you did not even attempt to disguise it. Afterwards, it is true, you varied your mode of conducting this infamous business, by endeavouring to screen it under the most puerile and pitiful evasions. By the hands of your agents you caused the money to be handed out through a hole cut in the wainscot for the purpose; or to be laid on a table, whence, after sham notes were perfected, the voters took it; or lastly, you procured some person to be dressed in a fantastic appearance, to perambulate the town, and to distribute the promised bribes to such of the electors as engaged themselves to be in your interest at the ensuing election.

The crime of bribery is in itself of a most scandalous and disgraceful nature; but when we look forward to the consequences, as applying to the case before us, it loudly calls for the most condign and exemplary punishment. It strikes immediately at the very foundation of our constitution, by undermining its surest and best support, the freedom of election. It dissolves the only true connection which can bind the constituents and representatives to each other. While on the one hand it prevents proper persons to be chosen to serve in Parliament; on the other it takes off those checks on the representative that ought at all times to influence his conduct, that would make him consult the sense of his constituents, and the interests of the kingdom at large. Whereas, when the electors are bribed, nothing is sought on either hand but the mutual private interests of the parties. Thus the great fountain of public security is poisoned, the great bulwarks of the constitution are leaped over or trampled down, and the most sacred laws of the land evaded, or openly violated.

When the Court came to take the present case into consideration, they found it in some respects totally new; not that persons had not been before convicted of a similar offence, but that matters had fallen out in the course of the prosecution, which created the difference. Your counsel availed themselves of that, and argued the point of law purely on the ground that there was no precedent of such a punishment as that now about to be in-

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dicted; or that the cases being the same, the precedent was in your favour, as they went no further than the penalties recovered under the statute. The cases relied on were those of the King and Pitt, and of Neale and Newton; but the Court, after maturely deliberating on every thing which your counsel suggested, discovered nothing in either of those cases sufficient to support the conclusions they drew from them. The case of Pitt in the time of the late king, as reported by Sir James Burrow, was, that he was guilty of bribery; that he had bribed three or four persons; and that the penalties were recovered from him under the statute. The affair of Evelham was of the same nature, but in neither was there the least mention made of an information for bribery at the common law; for when the court refused to grant an information, it was on a prosecution on the statute. The question was not about filing an information, on an indictment for an offence at common law, but merely whether the two years were fairly expired to bring an action for the penalties incurred by the statute. This is not the only essential difference. The offences, though of the same species, were very different in the degree. Pitt had bribed three or four voters, you have bribed a whole borough; and you have accompanied your corruption with such aggravating circumstances, as deprive you of the most distant title to favour or indulgence. But your case stands clear of every argument urged by your counsel, in reference to the instances particularly alluded to. Bribery at all times has been deemed a very great offence at the common law; and as such has been highly punishable according to the degree and the objects which it was directed to obtain. If then, we apply the spirit of the law to the consequences of the crime you have been convicted of; when we consider it is not a partial evil it was intended to be productive of; but an attempt, which if it should succeed, would eventually effect the overthrow of our ancient constitution, one of the wisest and mildest that was ever framed; we are moved by every consideration of justice and example, to inflict a punishment suited to the enormity of the offence, and sufficient to deter others in future from the commission of crimes of the like nature. The statute which gives the penalty was framed on account of the notorious corruption practised at the election of Members to serve in Parliament for the borough of Bunley.

That act was passed in aid of the common law, not with a view to abridge it, or entirely to supersede its authority. Proceeding by information, as against a public offence, a breach of the constitution, a public violation of the ancient law of the realm, is a matter extremely different and distinct from the penalties provided by the statute, which is more immediately directed to the attainment of private redress. The statute provides, that the penalties shall accumulate; that in as many instances as the offence has been committed, the penalty shall accrue. This it does to deter persons from bribing; but it never meant or intended, that the offence against the statute should be fined away by the incurring those penalties; on the contrary, it leaves the ancient law just as it found it; and by no means interferes with the execution of national justice.

Another point much insisted on by your counsel in extenuation, was, the very great expence you have been already put to in the prosecution of this business; the vast sums that have been expended in defending your cause before the House; the penalties that have been already recovered; and the costs of the present prosecution. In my opinion, every one of those arguments operate the direct contrary way. They add to your crimes, instead of extenuating them; for while there remain the most indubitable proofs of your guilt, those arguments directly shew that you have obstinately and pertinaciously persevered in supporting and maintaining acts that were in themselves to the last degree corrupt and unjustifiable. They, in fact, are the most undoubted testimonials, that as you had in the first instance the means of corruption in your power, so you intended to succeed, and baffle and evade justice by similar means to those by which you were enabled to carry your schemes of bribery and corruption into execution. There is one circumstance that attended your conduct, which, though not properly before the Court, ought, in my opinion, to press very heavily on your minds, and is well worthy of your most serious reflection; that is, the repeated perjuries you have been the occasion of. I dare say, in your cooler moments, it cannot but fill your minds with horror, when you reflect how many persons you have been the instruments in bringing to make the most solemn appeals to

to heaven, to the most gross and flagrant falsehoods; to affirm, in the presence of Almighty God, that they had no direct interest whatever in the vote they were going to give, when at the very instant they had the wages of prostitution in their pockets.

I shall conclude what I have to offer, by observing the very dangerous tendency corrupting the people must have, even as a matter of policy. What can the people at large think of assemblies composed of persons thus elected? How can the laws be revered or regarded by the people, when those by which they are governed are to be framed by persons thus chosen? or, what is there to stimulate persons to a faithful and conscientious discharge of their duty, when they know the only sure recommendation to their constituents is their ability to bribe them at the next election? Such a system is destructive at once of all public and private virtue, and leaves the nation at the mercy of the worst people in it, so they have but the means of carrying their pernicious schemes into execution. The first instance that appears on record of procuring a seat in Parliament by bribery, was in the 15th of Queen Elizabeth, when it was discovered that one Long had bribed the borough of Westbury in the county of Wilts, with the trifling sum of four pounds to procure himself to be corruptly returned. Such was the sense of our ancestors of the dangerous consequences of the offence, that the town was severely amerced to the queen, the writ suspended, and the member removed. Since that time, I fear, the evil has greatly increased; and whenever it comes under legal cognizance, it calls aloud for every possible discouragement, reprehension, and punishment, that the law authorizes. It is, therefore, peculiarly incumbent on those to whom the administration of justice is committed, to fix on such an offence every mark of opprobrium and disgrace within their power and jurisdiction.

I thought it my duty, previous to my pronouncing the judgment of the Court, to give my undisguised sentiments of the heinousness of the offence, and its destructive consequences to the state, if permitted to prevail. I am now to inform you, Richard Smith and Thomas Brand Hollis, that the Court have adjudged that you are to pay a fine to the king of 1000 marks each, (66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*) and that you be imprisoned six months, and until you

pay the fine; and further, that you Richard Smith, in regard that you have been since returned member to serve in this present Parliament for the said borough of Hindon, which the Court have judged to be a great aggravation of your former offence, because, in defiance as it were of the laws of your country, which you have most grossly and shamefully violated and set at nought, you have recommended yourself to the friendship, and created an influence among voters, by the very means which are the objects of the present prosecution and consequent punishment; and that they have reason to suspect that you have procured yourself to be returned by similar arts; for those reasons, I say, the Court have further adjudged, that you, Richard Smith, at the expiration of the term of your imprisonment, do enter into recognizances, yourself in 100*l.* and two sureties in 50*l.* each, for your good behaviour for three years from the said term next ensuing; and that you be not discharged from your imprisonment till the same be complied with, in the manner and terms now expressed.

CONTINUATION OF THE CRITIQUE on
DRYDEN'S ALL FOR LOVE; or
THE WORLD WELL LOST.

Reddere Personæ scit convenientia cuique.
HOR. ARS. POET.

He to each part his genius brings to view,
Assigns of Character each stroke that's due.

IT may not perhaps be unnecessary, or uninteresting, to particularize the state of affairs at the commencement of this Tragedy, and to display the springs of action on which the whole of this pathetic Tragedy and its grand catastrophe are worked. Antony, after he had suffered the laurels of many a hard-earned victory to be torn, in a manner equally disgraceful and pusillanimous, from his brows at the fatal sight of Actium, retires precipitately to Alexandria, where he is followed by Octavius with a victorious army to the very walls. Ventidius, in the mean time, brings the seasonable aid of twelve veteran legions, and attempts, with all the energy of virtuous honesty, to make him reject his mistress Cleopatra, and embrace a more favourable Lord, the God of War.

Things being thus situated, the Tragedy commences with the appearances of Scaphion,

Seraphion, the Priest of Isis, who, in a strong, picturesque and masterly stile, describes every ominous circumstance which had happened, and which threatened Egypt with slavery and chains, to his inferiors of the sacerdotal order, who hang with profound attention round him, and with looks that witness "wild dismay," exprets the inward palpitation of their recoiling hearts; particularly when he says,

Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,

In a lone aisle o' th' temple, while I walk'd
A whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast
Shook all the dome.—The doors around
me clapp'd,

The iron wicket that descends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolomies is laid,
Burst open and disclos'd the mighty dead:—
From out each monument, in order plac'd,
An armed ghost starts up.—The Boy King
last

Rear'd his inglorious head; a peal of
groans

Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
Cried, *Egypt is no more*—My blood ran
back,

My shaking knees against each other
knock'd;

On the cold pavement down I fell in-
franc'd,

And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene.—

This speech, in which is found all that can excite terror or rouse attention in the intranced reader or spectator, comes with admirable propriety from the mouth of a priest, as the subsequent remark of the Eunuch, Alexas, attendant on Cleopatra, serves more perspicuously to demon-
strate.

Alexas. And dream'd you this—or did
invent the story,
To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
And train them up betimes in fear of
priesthood?

— a foolish dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts,
And holy luxury.

There is something extremely pleasing in the character of Ventidius, as given by Eunuch; who, though he professes his aversion to him in strong and pointed terms, is yet forced by the bravery, simplicity, and magnanimity of the other, to enter into this great, true, and spirited eulogium:

— I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony;
A mortal foe he was to us and Egypt—
But let me witness to the worth, I hate,
A braver Roman never drew a sword,
Firm to his prince—but as a friend, not
slave,

He ne'er was of his pleasures, but pre-
sides

O'er all his cooler hours and morning
councils.

In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged
virtue,

Of an old, true-stampt Roman lives in him;

How noble is an eulogy, when it proceeds from the mouth of a foe! And how much are we interested from this moment in him and his transactions! We participate of the old General's cares, and share in all his sorrows and his woes. So when we see a painting of some masterly hand, in which is strongly and forcibly delineated some heroic personage, who boldly singalized himself in the ensanguined field of war, and nobly fell for a falling country; admiration, reverence, and love, infuse themselves into the spectator's generous soul, and make him pay the bow of homage and adoration.

The open plainness and unornamented simplicity of Ventidius, and the fervor of that ingenuous love he bore his once triumphant master, frequently burst forth into declamatory passion, and finely delineate the traits of character in Antony.—Such are these quotations, which at once possess the beauties of poetry, and the strong strokes of characteristical disquisition.

— Just—just his nature—
Virtue's his path: but sometimes 'tis too
narrow

For his vast soul: and then he starts out
wide,

And bounds into a vice, that bears him
far

From his first course, and plunges him in
ills:

But when his danger makes him find his
fault,

Quick to observe, and full of sharp re-
morse,

He censures eagerly his own misdeeds:
Judging himself with malice to himself,
And not forgiving, what as man he did,
Because his other parts are more than man.

And again, when mention is made of Cleopatra, a recollection of the ill she has been the cause of, and a quick retro-
spect

spect of his master's pusillanimity and disgrace, make him break out into the following strong, energetic discant on his actions, and a comparison of his present and past state :

Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest ?
He knows him not his executioner.

O! she has deck'd his ruin with her love,
Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,

And made perdition pleasing—she has
left him

The blank of what he was.—

I tell thee, Eunuch, she has quite un-
mann'd him.

Can any Roman see and know him now,
Unbent, unnew'd, made a woman's toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his ho-
nors,

And cramp'd within a corner of the world?—
O! Antony!

Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of
friends,

Bounteous as Nature, next to Nature's
God,

Couldst thou but make new worlds, fo
wouldst thou give 'em,

As bounty were thy being—Rough in
battle,

As the first Romans when they went to
war,

Yet after victory more pitiful

Than all their praying virgins left at
home.

There is no scene I am acquainted with
can boast so much true beauty, both na-
tural and poetic, as that wherein Ventid-
ius boldly intrudes on the privacy of his
master, and speaks with all the boldness
of unbought freedom. Antony, at first,
gives way to the impulse of his anger;
but melted by the sincerity of the hoary
Veteran, he enters into a full recollection
of his folly and inconsideration, and bit-
terly regrets that deadly stain upon his
honor, the fight of Actium. Ventidius
then informs him, he had brought twelve
legions to his assistance, the valour and
fortitude of whom he commends in the
most noble and elevated strains. Antony
fired, at last, at the recital, recollects the
prowess he once so eminently displayed,
of which he speaks in glowing terms;
and, urged by valour and Ventidius, re-
solves once more to redeem his honor in
the bloody field; to leave the alluring,
though destructive siren, Cleopatra, who
had brought him to the verge of ruin;
and on his exit (which concludes the act)

bursts forth into strains worthy the Ro-
man, worthy the Competitor for the
world.

—Come on, my soldier!

Our hearts and arms are still the same :
I long

Once more to meet our foes ; that thou
and I,

Like Time and Death, marching before
our troops,

May taste fate to them ; mow them out
a passage,

And entering where the foremost squa-
drons yield,

Begin the noble harvest of the field.

The beauties of this scene are great,
moving and ennobled; the language
pure, strong and elevated, the thoughts
grave and striking, and the expression
every where throughout truly great. The
several and respective embellishments serve
to form the truly sublime, to which, in
my opinion, this scene lays no incon-
siderable claim.—What shall we say,
when its immortal author confesses it is
the best he ever wrote, and prefers it,
without hesitation, to every former pro-
duction of his pen in the tragic file.

MOMUS: or, The LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

NUMBER XLII.

(Misfortunes arising from great Alliances.)

HAVING spent a day or two with a
friend a few miles out of town, and
finding it wet on the morning I was to re-
turn to London, I took a place in a stage-
coach. As soon as I stepped into it, I
discovered a Lady with whom I had been
formerly very well acquainted; she had
been married some years, and had then
with her three of her children, the eldest
of whom was a fine girl about fourteen
years old. As they were all more drest
than people usually are in a stage-coach
(improperly drest, indeed, being liable to
meet with dirty passengers, sick children,
and sometimes even dogs and cats,) I
could not help expressing a little surprize,
by asking my old friend if she was
carrying a young family to pay a visit.
“I am, indeed,” replied she, “though
you may well be astonished at the oddity
of our appearance in such a carriage; but
you must know, Mr. Supple has the mis-
fortune to be related to a number of *great*
people. He has an uncle a Baronet, a first
cousin a Viscount, and among his second
and

and third cousins, a Marquis, and two Earls."

"Do you call it a misfortune (answered I, smiling) to be so nobly allied, Madam?"

"Certainly," said she; "and I fancy you will be of my opinion, when I tell you that our noble relations have almost ruined us."

I told her, I was sorry to hear that; adding, that I should rather have supposed Mr. Supple's relations would have been as willing, as they were able, to do him service.

"Oh dear!" replied she, shaking her head; "you know the world better than that comes to: but as you seem to question the truth of my assertions, I will soon convince you that what I say is to be depended upon, by giving you a short history of the state of our affairs. You have heard, no doubt, that I married a Linen-draper, to all appearance in a very good way of business; my husband, however, never boasted of his trade; he contented himself with reckoning up the great persons to whom he had the honour to be related, but from whom he never received any orders; from whom, indeed, he never received a line, good, bad, or indifferent, for some years after I married him. This neglect gave him, I found, much uneasiness; so much, indeed, did it disconcert him, that he began, at length, to grow quite careless about his shop. This carelessness alarmed me exceedingly, as our family increased; I therefore designed to speak to him, and to endeavour to prevail on him to be more attentive both to his customers and to his young 'prentices; as the former left him for want of being properly attended to, and the latter, finding him never in the way, began to grow still more negligent than their master, and chose rather to follow pleasure than business. One evening, having accompanied him to Ranelagh, much against my inclination, I thought he was dressed in too expensive and showy a style for his station. I observed that he was continually running after an elderly Man of Fashion, who appeared to be desirous of avoiding him. On my asking him who he was, he replied, 'That's my cousin, Lord L——; but you see he will not speak to me, nor even look at me; because I keep a shop.'—I was hurt to see him uneasy about what was, I thought, of no consequence, and therefore told him, that people in business had no occasion to

mix with those in higher ranks in life, and that there were amusements proper for all stations: but he was so mortified at being slighted, as he called it, by his great cousin, that he never ceased writing to and soliciting his uncle, the Baronet, to take him out of so low and scandalous a way of life as that of a reputable shop-keeper, till at last he procured him a place of less than a hundred a year, upon which we starve in a paltry lodging, in the village where the stage sets up; for Mr. Supple will not live in London, because he cannot afford to make an appearance suitable to his high relations. He gives his acquaintance to understand, that sleeping in the air is necessary for his health: but it is also necessary to eat somewhere, and as his small salary is seven quarters behind, I am terrified to death, lest he should be tempted to pursue a still more shocking employment; being convinced that there is, among great people, no vice so criminal as the want of money, which may always be procured by some means or other; there is nothing so scandalous as poverty."

"Well, Madam," said I; "but some of Mr. Supple's great friends may possibly assist him."

"I am afraid there are small hopes of any assistance from them," replied she; "and I would endeavour to make myself content in the poor way we are in, which I strive to improve by working for the milliners, and bring up my girls here to help me, if he did not insist upon my dressing them up as you see (pointing to their heads), and every now and then carrying them to wait upon his fine relations, whom he continually teased till they consented to see him, merely to get rid of him, or, at least, his vulgar importunities. And now, though it rains hard, and the stage passes the door of the house I am going to, I dare not stop, but must get out in the wet beyond it, that I may not be seen coming out of such a vulgar carriage at his lordship's door.—You cannot think (continued she) what a number of foolish and needless expences Mr. Supple puts himself to, upon account of his grand alliances: though he is now reduced to a couple of shirts, and those pieced in every part, yet he always puts on the finest sleeves, and worked or laced ruffles, whenever he comes in sight, or even within hearing of his opulent cousins, and makes me lay aside much more necessary

necessary employment to dress his hair, an occupation he would not have it known that I follow on any account; but talks as familiarly of his friseur, as if he paid one half a crown a time for making him appear quite out of character. But you know, Sir, if he chuses to look ridiculous, that is nothing to me:—he should not desire to make fools of his wife and his children, who are willing to work hard, and to save what they can. But our industry is on no account to be publicly known or encouraged: we are, in order to be fit for admission, into the apartments of the great, to become as extravagant and absurd as possible. And this is not the worst part of the story, neither. Mr. Supple cannot be contented with shewing the world that he may put his face into a corner of Sir William's, or my Lord's anti-chambers, he must also invite them to his little retreat—his country box,—puffing off the whole house as his own, though it really belongs to a considerable dealer in hogs, who only occupies the lower rooms in it, and the out-houses, which stink as if they were inhabited by a thousand pole-cats. When our great relations condescend to honour us with a visit, it puts us into such a ferment, though it is only to drink a dish of tea, and eat a plate of fruit, that we hardly recover it in a fortnight: a month's abstinence from food, indeed, will hardly afford such a repast as Mr. Supple chuses to set before the exalted part of his family; as he will not offer them tea under a guinea a pound, with every thing in proportion; and he has purchased a couple of plates of an enormous price, only to hold strawberries, for the payment of which he pawned my wedding gown, telling me, that it was become frightfully old-fashioned, that it was so heavy and clumsy as to be totally ungenteel, and that no people of fashion wore such cloaths.—To the last assertion I was very ready to give my assent; but I told Mr. Supple at the same time, that I had not the slightest pretensions to the title of a woman of fashion, as my relations had all been industrious people in trade; adding, that my gown was, I thought, very fit for my wear, and might have lasted many years.—He brought home yesterday this ridiculous tassel to hang dangling on my girl's cap, because he said she was not fit to wait on the countess if she did not look like other people.—Now, you know, Sir, that to appear

out of character is always to look like a fool."

"And I suppose (said I) that you are not better received by these people of rank, for attempting to put yourself upon a level with them?"

"As to that (replied she) I have not yet had any reason to complain of my reception: as I never pretend to be better than I am, they treat me with a proper civility; they are not to blame, you know, because Mr. Supple acts absurdly; who would, I dare say, rather go to gaol himself, and see his wife and children perish for want of the most necessary food, than not to affect to be upon an equality with his great relations. But since there are, I am afraid, Sir, too many people who think like Mr. Supple, to the great misfortune of those who belong to them, I cannot help being sorry, I confess, when I hear of such a multitude of new titles, left their poor relations should have just a much reason to dread the name of a lord, as I have."

Just as Mrs. Supple had closed her narrative with this very pertinent observation, the coachman, agreeably to her directions, stopped within a few yards of the great house to which she was going; and to which, wishing me a good morning, she, with her daughters, dabbled with all possible expedition.

ON DANCING.

ONE of the wisest and greatest men this country ever produced was inclined to introduce dancing as an important article into the academic system of education. I mean Lord Clarendon, who was as sensible of its advantages, as Mons. Fuillet himself.

It is, however, universally allowed, that there are periods of life which should naturally renounce the pleasures of the dance. What a ridiculous extravagance would it appear in a grey-haired Alderman, should he describe a minuet, or supply in a cottillon the place of a polished active youth! The numberless distortions, which are sometimes forced into a wrinkled face by the louver, seldom raise any degree of satisfaction in the spectator, oftner compassion, always an inclination to laughter. The amusement of dancing, as the dalliance of love, is equally denied the gravity of advanced years. A love song is as much expected as a jig, from a man of eighty. Infir-

mily

mity sets each performance in a ridiculous light. Who could endure spectacles at a dance, especially if blindness proceeds from age, when to trace the figure of the dance requires the same irksome pains and poring distress with the small character of a Persian manuscript?

The quality too of the dancer is of prime importance. From a want of due attention to this, many hideous misalliances are often fashioned, dignity becomes frolicksome, and office is disfigured by an unsuitable gaiety. Let us, therefore, suppose an instance, where the station of the dancer is strongly contrasted with the amusement itself. Were a Lord Chief Justice, with the most finished graces of person, to measure a cotillon at Madam Corneley's, who would not feel for the dancer? who could separate the idea of magistracy from his present situation? Let us now drop supposition, and give an example of this strange contrast from an order of men, whose duties are the most abhorrent from the pleasures of a dance.

Ned Toupee is now turned of thirty; he had ever been admired for his walk in a minuet; indeed he shone in every part of the branch of the art saltatorial. The applause which he gained so rooted his affections for dancing, that he pursued this favourite amusement as warmly after ordination as before. He is now fixed as curate in a genteel country parish; no private hop is without him, who, like the Sallii at Rome, unites the holiness of worship with the merriment of the "fantastic toe." He attends each monthly assembly in the next market town. I have known Ned, when he has just buried a corpse "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," post to a ball, where he has been hotly engaged in "merrily dance the quaker," while his clothes still retained the odours of a burial. His precepts have but little effect on his parishioners, who necessarily jumble together the notions of the priest and the dancer.

ANECDOTES of the late celebrated CARDINAL ALBERONI.

PIAENZA has given birth to some famous men; one of the most remarkable is the Cardinal Alberoni, who governed Spain for many years in quality of prime minister; he was born in 1664, in a wretched cottage, situated in a suburb

of the town; his father was a gardener, but so poor as to earn his bread by working by the day in little gardens belonging to the citizens; however, in process of time, Alberoni contrived so to push his fortunes by his ingenuity, as to procure himself a small cure, which was to him, at that time, the utmost pinnacle of human felicity. When the wars of Italy broke out, a certain French poet, who was in the suite of the Duke de Vendome, had received some little services from the poor cure, and wished to make him some slight return, for which purpose he procured him the honour of seeing and saluting that general; the Duke, who was a man of strong penetration, no sooner saw Alberoni, than he became prejudiced in his favour; he conversed with him, and the cure did not fail to display his protégé's parts to the best of his capacity. The first business that was entrusted to him he acquitted himself of with alacrity; this was the discovering to the general where the peasants concealed their stores of provisions; and proved his first step towards those great dignities he afterwards attained. He so attached himself to the person of the Duke de Vendome, that he was permitted to follow him into France, and then into Spain, where he made a rapid progress, by insinuating himself into the good graces of Madame des Ursins, who at that time might be said to govern that monarchy. After the death of the Duke de Vendome, Alberoni, by various intrigues, contrived to turn the favours and confidences of Madame des Ursins to good account. He negotiated the second marriage of Philip V. with the Princess of Parma, having made Madame des Ursins his dupe, and caused her to be sent away from the court. I shall give the particulars of this affair, as they are curious. Alberoni, who was sufficiently in the confidence of Madame des Ursins to be acquainted with her earnest desire, that whatever Princess Philip should marry, might be one of a ductile character, without much genius, void of ambition, and totally incapable of taking a part in the affairs of state, gave her to understand, he had found just such a one in the Princess of Parma. Madame des Ursins was charmed with the choice he had made, and he set out for Parma, to hasten the marriage by every possible means. There is no doubt of his insinuating at the court of Parma how active

an agent he had been in the negociation of this treaty ; but notwithstanding all his diligence and art, Madame des Urfins became acquainted with the real character of the Princes, which was precisely the reverse in every point to the picture the Cardinal had given of her ; in consequence of this intelligence, a courier arrived the eve of the day on which the marriage was to be ratified, with an order to suspend that treaty for the present ; but the Cardinal, who was sufficiently clear sighted to suspect the cause of this procedure, menaced the courier with certain death, if he discovered his arrival by any means till the next day. Madame des Urfins had omitted to charge the courier *not* to go first to the Cardinal's, from which oversight his eminence found means to profit doubly ; for the next day the marriage being ratified and the papers signed, the Cardinal acquainted the Princess how he had detained the messenger, sacrificed and betrayed Madame des Urfins to her, and so effectually persuaded her of the obligation she owed him, that upon her arrival in Spain, the first favour she asked of the King was the banishment of Madame des Urfins. No sooner had she quitted the court, than the Cardinal attained that greatness he so much desired ; and became such a favourite of the Queen, as to be admitted into the most secret councils of state, honoured with the purple. And declared Prime Minister of Spain. At length, he, by his own faults, procured his disgrace ; for being of a boundless ambition, and of a daring spirit, not to be intimidated by danger or disappointment, several foreign powers combined to put a final period to his arrogance ; and with much difficulty, Philip found himself in the end constrained to disgrace and banish him. After his fall, he styled himself Cardinal of Ravenna, and returned back to Piacenza ; where so much ashamed was he of his birth, as never to have assisted, or ever acknowledged any of his relations during his life, nor at his death. He kept a slender house and equipage, lived chiefly with the Jesuits, assumed no arms, did no public or private charities, and was totally useless both to the town and people, unless we deem the establishment of thirty-six missionaries a public benefit. He bequeathed all his wealth, which was considerable, to various societies of missionaries, of which there are many in Italy. Being universally dis-

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liked by his townsmen, he died unregretted. When his body was carried from the town, about a mile and an half to the establishment above-mentioned, where he was interred, not a creature followed his funeral ; so literally did he quit the world without leaving a friend behind him. He was considerably past eighty years old when he died.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

SIR,

A Man who condemns servility, and cannot conduct himself through life with what the world terms a prudent reserve ; but must open his mind and speak out at all times, is very liable to meet with inconveniences, and to thwart his good fortune, and for my own part I have much to set down to that account.

I believe, Sir, none who know me think me a cynic, or that I would wantonly affront any one, yet I am so unfortunate as to sometimes wear the aspect of the former, and too frequently give room to suspect the latter, without the least intention. This arises, Sir, entirely from misapprehension, and not from design, it being my wish to live in friendship with all people ; but some have too many sore places about them, it is hardly possible to make a remark in their company without touching some one or other, and when that happens, as it often will in familiar discourse, they are apt to look upon it as intended, and thereupon to take offence.

A remarkable instance of this I well remember. though it is now upwards of six years since. At that time I paid my addresses to the daughter of a certain Captain in the West-India trade, and as I really loved her, it will not be thought I would willingly have offended her father. It happened, Sir, one day at dinner, when theatrical subjects were on the carpet, and the company were expressing their sentiments of particular characters, I took occasion to say, that Mr. Murphy had drawn his barber in the Upholsterer truly characteristical, and that the incomparable Woodward had with as true humour and judgment given it life. I had no sooner uttered it, than the Captain's countenance reddened with anger, and hastily putting down his knife and fork,

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he sternly asked me, "if I thought so, for if I did so, he would not give a damn for my taste." It was obvious to every one that my observation had been the cause of the Captain's violent and sudden agitation, but it was impossible for me to conceive why, and I was almost struck dumb with surprise when he took an opportunity in the evening to tell me, "I was no longer welcome at his house, and that he despised my rascally reflection." It was in vain I required an explanation, and I was constrained to depart quite ignorant of the real occasion of his pique.

Unable to secrete so extraordinary an occurrence, I chanced to mention it next morning to a friend, while (to borrow a phrase of the Captain) I was taking in my daily cargo of powder and pomatum. I beg your pardon for making so free (intruded my hair-dresser with a simile) but I can disentangle the matter as easily as your hair. The Captain, Sir, was brought up a barber, and served his apprenticeship with my master. This anecdote effectually dispersed the mist, and my friend joined me in a laugh at the Captain's folly. Upon fathoming the subject a little deeper, we learned that the Captain had ran away from his master, before the expiration of his indentured time. All this, and perhaps much more, the Capt. thought I knew, when I made the remark on the barber, though I assure you, Sir, these very interesting facts had not then reached my knowledge, nor had I the most distant reason to suspect any thing of the kind, as the Captain had often declared, no tradesman should ever marry his daughter.

On another occasion, Sir, not seeing any beacons how to steer my course, I ran so foul of a very pretty married lady's anger, as at once to founder all the interest I had in her good graces; for to let you into a secret, Sir, if I then had no more religion than Lord L——n, I might have fixed the antlers on her husband's brow. But this, a mighty exploit it must be confessed in so chaste an age, were it in my disposition, is no longer in my power. Her hate towards me is irrecoverably sealed, because I was not wick enough to know that her father, formerly a small beer brewer, was a justice of peace, and because, ignorant of it, I happened to say in her presence, that the commission of peace had not, since its origin, been disgraced with such mercenary and illiterate men

as at present. Madam instantly told me, I had behaved myself very ill to reflect so on her papa; and with more warmth than truth, called me a calumniator; for the present worthy justices were so far from being mercenary or oppressive to the poor, that one of them whom she knew was so very kind, as to make it a rule to grant a warrant for six-pence.

It was not long after, that I lost a very handsome legacy, because, forgetting my friend had formerly kept a public house, I inadvertently said, in his hearing, that it was almost impossible for a publican to be what the world esteems a gentleman. Once I was so unhappy as to occasion Miss Betsey to faint away, only by declaring, that an envious woman was hardly fit to cry kitchen stuff about the streets; not knowing at the same time, that it was a tradition in her family, that her great grandmother followed that occupation. And at another time, I narrowly escaped having my throat cut for telling a person with whom I had dined and drank pretty freely in a promiscuous company at Margate, though it was entirely out of a joke, and upon his praising it, that his laced waistcoat was very fine indeed, and fit for a fidler, little imagining when I spoke it, that I was actually pointing my remark directly in the face of a no less personage than a scraper of catgut.

I could add many more instances, but those I have already mentioned, will suffice to shew how wrongfully people may take offence. Nothing could be more foreign to my thoughts, than offending the persons, or any of them, to whom I have alluded in the course of this letter. What therefore was the cause, Sir, but that accursed spirit of pride which so much debases the human species? It is really shocking to see how far that and false honour will lead us from reason and true dignity. I knew a young lady that actually fretted herself into a fever because she was intended for a mantua maker, and nothing could restore her to health but apprenticing her to a milliner. Yet, Sir, if there is any disgrace in either, is the construction of the jacket more disgraceful than the structure of the edifice, especially of the present enormous ones of the head? Peggy, the undertaker's daughter, looks upon her confidant with a secret contempt because her father is a barber, but surely the shrouding a corpse, is not a whit more honourable or agreeable

agreeable than the shaving of a man's chin.

Away then with distinctions that are nothing more than the offspring of wretched vanity and false notion. No man need, no sensible man will, be ashamed of his profession if an honest one. The greatest ornaments of human nature are honest men and virtuous women; and if in business, it is quite indifferent to them through what occupation they pass this transient and troublesome life to the more permanent and happy one, where, to use the words of a great poet,
"One unbounded ispring will encircle all."

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

S I R,

AMONG the various follies which are hourly springing up, and by which many persons thought to be possessed of good understanding, are infected, I know none more ridiculous than boasting of our acquaintance; or what is still worse, the bragging of an intimacy with people to whom we never spoke a syllable, and by whom the slightest approximation in a familiar way would be deemed a great piece of impertinence, if not a gross affront.

A friend of mine has a son unfortunately addicted to this species of absurdity, which makes his father very unhappy, and on his applying to me one day for a little advice, I told him that I would think upon a method of curing him. Harry Followpeer is a good-natured, well bred young fellow, and, in every other respect, discovers no want of sense. It is by his extravagant affectation of being intimately connected with people of fashion, which alone renders him ridiculous. In consequence of this affectation, he is not a little vain of being thought the friend of Sir Charles Travers. On my mentioning Harry's foible to him, with some concern, a few mornings ago, he said he could assist me, he believed, in removing it. My servant William (continued Sir Charles) is a very genteel young fellow, you know; I will order him to dress himself in a suit of my clothes, and meet us in the Park to-morrow. We will call upon Harry, and make him of our party. I need not in-

form you of my design, you will soon comprehend it, and as readily assist me in the execution of it.

Accordingly, the next day we went to Harry's lodgings, and easily prevailed on him to accompany us to the Park. While we were all walking there arm in arm, Sir Charles having purposely placed Harry on the other side, we met a very elegant figure, and dressed in the extremity of the fashion, who just touched his hat to our companion, and Harry returned the slight salutation with the most submissive respect; at the same time, however, with a countenance which discovered an intimate acquaintance with him, he, grasping my hand, said, that's Lord Trimwell, the very best dressed, best faced man in the universe, and he is as good natured as he is genteel; he and I are upon the most familiar footing. We supped at Almack's to other night, and kept it up till four the next morning, we kicked up a confounded dust to be sure, but my Lord is such an excellent companion, there is no refusing him any thing. He has a pretty sister too, an absolute beauty, with a damn'd many thousands; I dare swear I may have her for asking; but I don't know how it is (continued he, shrugging up his shoulders) I think I feel rather averse to matrimony; one runs such a cursed risque, you know, with a woman, in this free and easy age; and I who have taken so many liberties with other mens wives, cannot expect to keep my own to myself. There's Lady Lovepuppy, the Countess of Cheatwell, Lady Bell Blackhall, the Duchesse of Diamonds, and the Hon. Mrs. Squander, to bring up the rear—Ben Squander!

Here the coxcomb affected a sarcastical laugh.—He actually doats on me to such a degree, that I cannot tell how to get rid of her. Poor thing!—but as she ranks below all the rest, you know, it is quite idle in her to think of my being constant to her.

You chuse your women then (said Sir Charles, laughing) as you do your clothes, to please other people more than yourself? But, methinks, 'tis a pity to refuse my Lord's sister, especially as she has such a large fortune.

Aye, (replied Harry) and a devilish fine girl into the bargain.—Then there is blood, you know, Sir Charles.

True, Harry, but are you sure you can have her?

Sure?

Sure? yes, yes, as sure as I am that I now speak to you.—Dear little creature! Caroline is a fond toad, yet vastly the ton.

Indisputably (answered Sir Charles) she shews her taste, by being so attached to you.

Oh dear! Sir Charles, (cried the coxcomb) with an affected grin.

But are you certain, Harry, (said I) that she has so large a fortune? Women of fashion are rather expensive in their pleasures; and you may be ruined, if she does not bring a sufficiency to answer all her spirited demands.

Oh! let me alone for that (replied he) her fortune's a good twenty thousand, besides expectations from rich uncles, and old maiden aunts, to all whom I am known, and will venture to say I am respected by them.

Excellent! Harry, (said Sir Charles) but then, as you justly observed, the characters of women are doubtful; the most knowing ones may be taken in; it is possible that this girl may pretend fondness merely to dupe you.

Dupe me! (replied the impertinent puppy) dupe me!—I should be glad to see that. No, no, Sir Charles; I know better than to be duped, either by man or woman.

Just at this moment the fictitious Lord Trimwell come up to us a second time.

There is your friend again, Harry, (said Sir Charles) shan't we join him?

No, not now, Sir Charles (answered he) I am not in humour.

Why not? (added Sir Charles) you you are always in humour for a Lord, you know,—come, come, you shall speak to him (pushing him forwards.)

Pshaw, Sir Charles (laughing) pray be quiet.

Don't be silly, Harry (said I, pushing him on my side) you shall speak to your dearest friend, with whom you are so intimate, and whose handsome sister is so enamoured with you.

I will not speak to him now, (replied he, hanging back, and looking like a fool.)

Then I will (said Sir Charles;) here William (continued he, with a commanding voice) have you carried the card I gave you to Miss Brown?

Yes, Sir, (said the fellow) bowing submissively.

Well! and what answer did she return?

She was not at home, Sir, but I left it with her woman.

Very well, go home then, and pull off my cloaths; which you may keep, for having acted your part with so much propriety.—Then, turning to poor Harry, who really looked all colours at once, he added,—there is your intimate friend Lord Trimwell dwindled into a downright footman; only dressed up in my clothes, which I permitted him to wear with an honest design to convince you, Harry, that a man never looks so little as when he affects an intimacy with the great.

DIALOGUES of the LIVING.

DIALOUGE XVIII.

Two MEN of HONOUR Contrasted.

Mr. Mounteny reading in his Library.—A Servant announces Lord Lovejoy.

Mr. M. **A** GOOD morning to your Lordship! I am surprised to see you so early.

Lord L. And I am surprised to find you reading with so much composure, immediately after the scenes of pleasure in which we were both engaged; especially after your singular behaviour.—I am come to ask you, Mounteny, why you interposed so warmly between my little girl and me last night: you did not, Charles, act with your usual friendship, by endeavouring to give Lucy an ill opinion of me.

Mr. M. (*smiling*) Perhaps not, my Lord: but I certainly acted a friendly part with regard to the poor girl, who was, I soon perceived, not only young and pretty, but innocent also: and not having been at a masquerade before, or at any other public place, in such company, she was not, I thought, sufficiently guarded against the danger of her situation.

Lord L. And you wished to warn her against me, in order to get her for yourself.—The Kite and the Chickens—Charles.

Mr. M. You wrong me greatly, my Lord, if you suppose me capable of forming a *dishonourable design* against a virtuous; amiable girl: far from harbouring such a design, if I thought myself in the least likely to be tempted by such a girl, I would get out of her way

as fast as possible—or send her out of mine.

Lord L. (*laughing*) Ridiculous!

Mr. M. You wish me, then, to have a defin upon Lucy?

Lord L. Pshaw! No—because I have a design upon her myself;—but I must confess, I think you a formal fellow to make such a fuss about the seduction of any girl.

Mr. M. If there is no harm in seducing young innocent girls, why, then, may not I try to draw in *Lucy* as well as another?

Lord L. Why, Sir because she is my choice: it is dishonourable to attempt to undermine your friend.

Mr. M. You are warm, my Lord, because we happen to differ a little in our ideas of things. In my opinion, now, you act in a more dishonourable manner by endeavouring to delude this girl, than I should by endeavouring to take her from you.

Lord L. You take her from me! You shall take my life first.

Mr. M. Well said—Murder too!—Upon my word, your Lordship's notions both of *Friendship* and *Honour* are carried as far as they can well go: but they will not make the smallest alteration in my sentiments; for since you have avowed your unwarrantable, your infamous designs upon this girl, committed to your care by her father, from his utter ignorance of your principles, I shall make it a *point of honour* to protect her.

Lord L. I find bullying will not do (*aside*)—Why now, really Mounteney, 'tis confounded impertinent in you to spoil my sport thus, and especially when you cannot get any thing by it.—You are exactly like the Dog in the Manger.

Mr. M. Not all: I only interfere from a desire of preserving this girl's reputation, and the peace of her family, which you want to destroy for a momentary satisfaction, that would bring years of misery upon her, and the deepest distress upon the good old man her father, who fondly imagines that you must necessarily be a *good man*, because you are a *great one* but how is he deceived!—The apparent generosity of your behaviour, and the brilliancy with which it is accompanied, are only calculated to blind the father's eyes, in order

to corrupt the daughter's heart. Consider a little, my Lord, before you enter upon an action which must give two innocent persons much more pain than it can possibly give you pleasure; the idea of their subsequent distress must surely exclude all your pleasurable expectations upon this occasion, if you have the least spark of humanity in your bosom; and your dishonourable perseverance must lessen you extremely in the eyes of the most valuable persons of both sexes.—Besides, there are always too many women whose characters can receive no additional injury from your Lordship's connections with them.—Why should you wish to increase the number of the unhappy?

Lord L. This is excellent moralizing, Charles.—But would you act as you talk? Would you actually give up a fine girl, when she is just ready to run into your arms?

Mr. M. I would, upon my honour; and you may believe me, my Lord, when I assure you, that I have never enjoyed a pleasure purchased at so high a rate as the seduction of innocence, or the misery of my fellow-creatures. I should think myself particularly to be condemned, were I to take any steps to blast the character of a woman whom I had promised to protect: You cannot conceive, my Lord—no man can be sensible of the extremity of wretchedness of every kind to which prostitutes are doomed. For the credit of humanity, therefore, and in pity to those unfortunate females whose passions may be stronger than their reason, let us not enlarge the catalogue of the miserable delinquents. Let me particularly intreat your Lordship to spare *Lucy*, as I am certain that you will hereafter repent of having deprived her of that amiable simplicity of manners which is her greatest charm.

Lord L. You beg hard, Mounteney; but if you are actually a disinterested pleader, and will make no attempts upon *Lucy* yourself—Why—let her go—yet some other of her sex must pay for this disappointment.

Mr. M. Thankee, my Lord; having gained one *great point*, I will give you no more trouble at present: nor will I despair of making you, in future, every thing which I wish you to be.

West Mag.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS and SAYINGS, and remarkable CURIOSITIES, of Various Kinds, in several Parts of ENGLAND, pointed out.

ROCHFORD, ESSEX.

AT King's-hill, about half a mile north-east of Rochford church, is held what is called the *Lawless-court*, a whimsical custom, the origin of which is not known. On the Wednesday morning next after Michaelmas-day, the tenants are bound to attend, upon the first cock-crowing, and to kneel, and do their homage, without any kind of light but such as the heavens will afford. The Steward of the Court calls all such as are bound to appear, with as low a voice as possible, giving no notice when he goes to execute his office; however, he that gives not an answer is deeply fined. They are all to whisper to each other, nor have they any pen and ink, but supply that deficiency with a coal; and he that owes suit and service, and appears not, forfeits to the Lord of the Manor double his rent every hour he is absent. A tenant of this manor forfeited, not long ago, his land for non-attendance, but was restored to it, the Lord only taking a fine.

CHINKFORD, ESSEX.

In this parish there is an estate of 241. *per annum* holden of the rector. Upon every alienation, the owner of the estate, with his wife, man-servant, and maid-servant, on a horse, come to the parsonage; where the owner does his homage, and pays his relief, in the following manner: he blows three blasts with his horn, and carries a hawk on his fist; his servant has a greyhound in a slip; both for the use of the Rector for that day. He receives a chicken for his hawk, a peck of oats for his horse, and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. They all dine; after which the master blows three blasts again with his horn, and they all depart.

ROCHESTER.

There is an ancient *Stone-bridge*, at Rochester, over the Medway, which was erected in the reign of Richard II. Sir Robert Knolles is celebrated for having been the founder of this bridge. He

was distinguished both by his courage and military preferments, being raised by degrees from the rank of a common soldier to that of a General. He attended Edward III. in his successful campaigns in France; and when the King's affairs declined by the ill state of health of Edward the Black Prince, Sir Robert was sent over to the continent with an army of thirty thousand men. He advanced into the heart of France, and extended his conquests as far as the gates of Paris. In this, and many other expeditions, he acquired great riches, and returned to his native country laden with wealth and honours. Lambard says, Sir Robert built the abovementioned Bridge with the spoils of towns, castles, churches, monasteries, and cities, which he burnt and destroyed; so that the ruins of houses, &c. were called *Knolles's Mitres*.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Among other singular customs in this College, one is, that of calling the students to dinner and supper every day, by the sound of a trumpet; and another is, having a boar's-head on Christmas day, ushered in very solemnly with an old monkish song.

TABERDOR.

The name of this rank of gownsmen, belonging to Queen's College, is taken from the short gown which they formerly wore, called Taberdum. They preserve a very odd custom here; it is their place to wait upon the fellows, &c. at dinner; but at the high table they are obliged to stand with their thumbs crossed.

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE,

The great bell-called Tom, belonging to this college, is one of the largest in this kingdom. It is sounded every night at nine to call the students home to their respective apartments. The manner of sounding this bell is somewhat singular, it is effected only by the pushing of the clapper against the sides; but it may be heard at the distance of several miles. It has not been rung since Queen Anne paid a visit to the university. If we may believe tradition, all the windows of the college were then broken, and all the beer in the town was turned sour.

HARVEST

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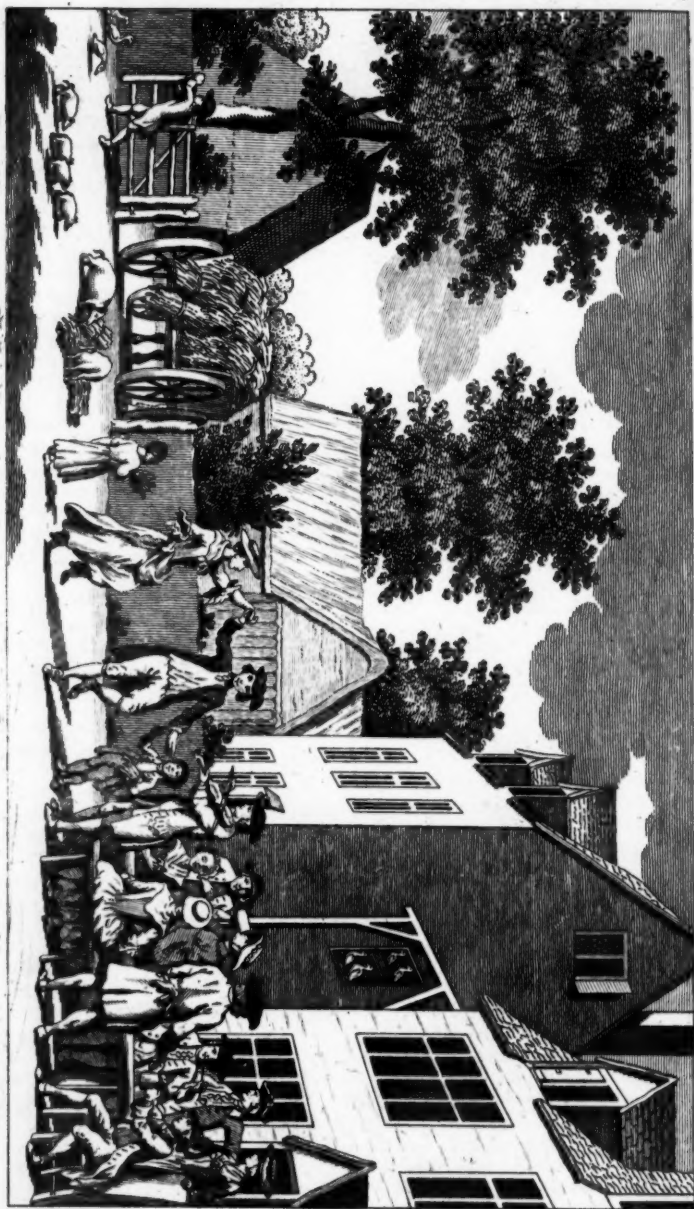
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VEST

The Celebration of an Harvest Home.



HARVEST HOME.

Embellished with a curious Copper plate.

THE Celebration of Harvest Home seems to be of the earliest antiquity. The offering of Abel seems to have been a ceremony of this sort; the Jews were expressly enjoined the solemnization by Moses himself.

Profane authors have likewise attested the antiquity of this festivity, Homer, and Hesiod have confirmed it. The ancient Germans and Britons observed it under the direction of the Druids, and the Romans likewise in their temple which was dedicated to Ceres. The *Ball-al-fresco*, the *Rural Masquerade ara*, only spurious branches, grafted on this stock; but the number of masque in the characters of shepherds and shepherdesses plainly indicate their origin. The celebration of Harvest Home, is however, preferable to either of these modern productions; the joy which appears in the latter are only the bursts of riot and affectation; the delights of the other are attestations of gratitude and innocence. The characters of the one are assumed, the dress of the other is the dress of simplicity and propriety.—The one is the parent of vice,—the other the child of simplicity and integrity.

History of the Princess DE CRAON.

ONE morning as Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, was hunting, he accidentally met a girl, about fifteen years of age, watching in a field a large drove of turkeys. The sun had not injured her complexion; she was fair as Venus; she had in her countenance the bloom of health, the sprightliness of youth, and the blush of innocence. Such an object was too striking to be past unnoticed by the Duke, he made immediate enquiries after her, and received information, that her birth was noble, but that the poverty of her father was so great, that he was obliged to employ his own children in looking after his poultry, by the sale of which, he procured great part of his subsistence.

This circumstance gave immediate hopes to the Duke's desires. He invited the impoverished nobleman to court; he loaded him with honours and preferments, His Highness desired, or rather commanded, him immediately to bring his family

and settle himself with them at Nancy. The royal orders were obeyed. Leopold was happy in the compliance of his mistress, who only insisted on an husband, to support the honour of her father's house. On such occasions, husbands are seldom difficult to be found. A young officer of high birth, the Prince De Craon, was chosen for her comfort; he received her with all the ardor of love, and with an implicit obedience to his master's commands. His obedience made his fortune. The Prince and Princess De Craon shone with the utmost splendor in the court of Lorraine. She was agreeable to the highest point of excess. Less endowed with sense, than adorned with beauty, she was inconsiderate and profuse, not absolutely without judgment; she was generous and good-natured. Her thoughts (if she ever thought) were entirely employed on her own person. She bore seventeen children; yet by incessant care of her health, and by the strictest attention to the preservation of her beauty, on which her whole power depended, she preserved the freshness of her complexion, and the fineness of her shape, not only during the Duke of Lorraine's life, but to the day of her own death, many years afterwards. Though she had an absolute ascendant over the Duke's mind, and could turn and dispose his resolutions as she pleased, she never made an ill use of her power; on the contrary, she delighted in doing beneficent actions, in obliging the nobility, in paying a profound duty to the Dukes of Lorraine. Alas! in one instance she wanted virtue; in all others she possessed it in the greatest perfection.

Her husband was of the same disposition. Both were humane, liberal, easy, polite and condescending; so that, after the death of Leopold, when his successor exchanged Lorraine for Tuscany, in the year 1737, he appointed the Prince De Craon sole regent of his Etrurian territories. Here the Princess De Craon began a second reign of splendor. Accustomed to magnificence, and born to be near, though not to fill, a throne, her actions were such as became royal and imperial power; they were at the same time accompanied by so disinterested a generosity, and such an engaging sweetness, that she attracted the love of the Tuscans to the highest degree. She soothed the pride of the Florentine nobility, but never departed from her own exaltation, as the regent's wife. Her court was crowded with

with noble ladies, who felt no envy, though they beheld superiority. In her countenance appeared neither the marks of age, nor the least traces of haughtiness; her friendships were not particular, but universal; she was in Tuscany, as in Lorrain, beloved and esteemed by the women, admired and revered by the men.

The excellent disposition of her husband was no less engaging. He was the soldier, and the courtier, but not the man of business; he wanted the talents essential to a minister of state. He was embarrassed and overburdened by his dignity. He could face dangers in the field, but could not withstand attacks in the cabinet; he knew how to command an army, but could not guide a commonwealth. He soon became conscious of his own defects, and hourly began to feel the want of an assistant. He recollected the abilities of a Monsieur de Richécourt, who was the son of a Lorraine Advocate, and who had also been bred to the law. He fixed on this man for his coadjutor; and in a letter to the Emperor, in which he acknowledged his own incapacity, he earnestly intreated that his friend Richécourt might be sent to Florence, with full and adequate power to himself in the government of Tuscany, but without any particular denomination or title.

The request was granted; and when the Prince De Craon found himself indulged in it, he acquainted the Princess, his wife, with what he had done. "You have ruined us then," exclaimed the Princess with some emotion; "I know Richécourt, I know his ambition, I know his art; while you was his superior he was your friend; when he becomes your equal, he will be your enemy. Many months will not pass after his arrival, e'er we are little better than slaves."

Richécourt arrived, and the prediction of the Princess was fulfilled. By a superiority of genius, and an address more adapted to manage, and turn the weighty and intricate wheels of government, the aspiring Richécourt arose to the highest eminence of authority, in the same degree that the lost Prince De Craon sunk into disregard and contempt.

Unable to support daily insults, the natural consequence of so abject a situation, the Prince desired to be recalled, and be permitted to end his days in Lor-

rain. The Emperor allowed him to return, and resolved to change the single regency into a triumvirate council of state.

The Prince De Craon had contracted great debts in Tuscany. He had lived far beyond his income. Before he could quit the Florentine dominions, he was obliged to sell his plate, and the jewels of the Princess his wife.

Old and poor, the melancholy pair returned to Lorrain. He died a few months after his arrival; she survived him but a few years.

Thus we see, that vice, though it may reign triumphant for a time, always at the end meets with the punishment it deserves.

There are few scenes in life but what will confirm this remark.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY
MISCELLANY.

S I R,

A Few miles from the metropolis resides a certain lady, who was highly figured upon the high ton. She is now in her sixty-fifth year; has had only two husbands (one of whom still vegetates) but at least five hundred real lovers. This lady, who has been on all hands allowed to be a fine woman in despite of her teeth, is now bed-ridden, having lost the use of her legs; but she has still such an attachment to our sex, that she will let no female approach. She is lifted up and down by four footmen. Her lord, (not her master) sometimes pays her a visit, and is as fond as ever. He often waits in the hall several hours before he can obtain an audience; which is at last admitted at a very respectful distance. Separate rooms, form not the only preliminary—another wing of the house (if he insists upon remaining all night) is allotted for him. Nevertheless he allows her ladyship fifty pounds a week, besides pin money, for her support. Her ladyship plumes herself upon being a second *Nanon de L'Enclou*, and makes no secret to her confidants, that she could still captivate the finest fellow in England. What would the reader say, if this should prove the real Lady Frail herself?

The

The LITERARY REVIEW.

A Comentary on the Book of Psalms. By George Horne, D. D. 2 vols. 4to. 11. 1s. boards. Rivington.

THE design of this work is to illustrate the literal and historical sense of the Psalms, as they relate to King David, and the people of Israel; and to point out their application to the Messiah, to the church, and to individuals, as members of the church. This application is the great object of the author's investigation; as he thinks it a matter of superior importance. "For, says he, a person may attain a critical and grammatical knowledge of the Old Testament, and more especially the psalter, and yet continue a Jew, with the veil upon his heart; an utter stranger to that sense of the holy books, evidently intended, in a variety of instances, to bear testimony to the Saviour of the world; that sense, which is styled by divines, the prophetic, evangelical, mystical, or spiritual sense."

In defence of this species of interpretation, the author observes, that a great number of passages are cited from the Psalter by our Lord and his apostles, and applied to evangelical circumstances and events.

"Thus, he says, no sooner have we opened the book, but the second psalm presenteth itself, to all appearance, as an inauguration hymn, composed by David, the anointed of Jehova, when by him crowned with victory, and placed triumphant on the sacred hill of Sion. But let us turn to Acts iv. 25. and we there find the apostles, with one voice, declaring the psalm to be descriptive of the exaltation of Jesus Christ, and of the opposition raised against his gospel, both by Jew and Gentile.

"In the eighth psalm we imagine the writer to be setting forth the pre-eminence of man in general, above the rest of the creation; but by Heb. ii. 6. we are informed, that the supremacy conferred on the second Adam, the man Christ Jesus,

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over all things in heaven and earth, is the subject there treated of.

"St. Peter stands up, Acts ii. 25. and preaches the resurrection of Jesus from the latter part of the sixteenth Psalm and, lo, three thousand souls are converted by the sermon

"In the nineteenth psalm, David seems to be speaking of the material heavens, and their operations only, when he says, "Their sound is gone out into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." But St. Paul, Rom. x. 18. quotes the passage to shew, that the gospel had been universally published by the apostles."

In this manner the Doctor points out every other passage, which the writers of the New Testament have cited from the Psalms; and from thence infers the propriety of his prophetic, evangelical, and mystical interpretation.

"Surely no one can attentively review the New Testament citations from the book of Psalms, as they have been placed together before him, without perceiving, that the Psalms are written upon a divine, pre-concerted, prophetic plan, and contain much more, than, at first sight, they appear to do.

"The primitive fathers are unexceptionable witnesses to us of this matter of fact, that such a method of expounding the Psalms, built upon the practice of the apostles, in their writings and preachings, did universally prevail in the church, from the beginning.

Our author advances other arguments in favour of a spiritual interpretation. But as we have mentioned some of the most important we shall refer the reader for the rest, to the preface of this work: and by one short extract enable him to form a proper notion of its nature and utility.

PSALM CXIV. ARGUMENT.

"This is one of the psalms appointed by our church to be read on Easter-day.

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day. It celebrates the Exodus of Israel from Egypt, and the miracles wrought for that people, pre-figuring the redemption of our nature from sin and death, and the wonders of mercy and love wrought for us by Jesus Christ.

“ 1. When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language: 2. Judah was his, that is, God’s sanctuary, and Israel his dominion.

“ When Jehovah delivered Israel from the bondage of Egypt, he chose them for his peculiar people; his presence resided in their camp, as in a sanctuary or temple, and he ruled them, as an earthly king exerciseth sovereignty in his dominions. This world, and the prince of this world, are to us, what Egypt and Pharaoh were to Israel. The redemption of our nature, by the resurrection of Christ, answereth to their redemption by the hand of Moses. When we are baptized into the death and resurrection of our Lord, we renounce the world, its prompts and vanities; and should, therefore quit its corrupt language, manners, and customs, with as much alacrity and expedition, as the family of Jacob left those of Egypt. We are the sanctuary, the temple, in which Christ dwelleth by his spirit; we are the subjects of his spiritual kingdom; we are his peculiar people; in one word, we are his church, and succeed, as such, to all the titles and privileges formerly conferred on Israel.

“ 3. The sea saw it and fled; Jordan was driven back.”

“ Although forty years intervened between the two events here mentioned, yet as the miracles were of a similar nature, they are spoken of together. In the passage of Israel through the red sea we may contemplate our passage from a death of sin to a life of righteousness, through the waters of baptism; as our translation from death temporal to life eternal is figured by their entrance into the promised land, through the river Jordan. The waters in both cases are poetically represented as sensible of their Creator’s presence; and by their retiring and opening a path for the people of God, we are taught, that if we continue faithful, all obstructions will be removed in our way to heaven.

A Tour in Scotland, MDCCLXXII. Part II. 4to 11. 11. 6d. in boards. White.

IN the preceding volume of Mr. Pennant’s *Travels in Scotland*, he intimates a design of publishing additional observations to those which he had made on his first tour in that country. With these therefore we are gratified in the part now under consideration, from which there is no doubt of receiving the same degree of pleasure experienced on two former occasions, when we traced the progress of this agreeable traveller through the interesting narrative of both his journeys.

The volume begins with additions to the tour in Scotland in 1769, and likewise to the voyage to the Hebrides in 1772. Passing over these however, we shall proceed to the tour in Scotland in the year last mentioned, where we join company with Mr. Pennant on the 15th of August, at Ard-maddie in Argyleshire. The house, we are told, commands a beautiful view of the bay, and of the isle of Suil, where the parish church and the manse of the minister of the parish are placed, accessible at all times, by reason of the narrowness of the channel of Clachan. This tract is hilly, finely wooded near the house, and on the adjacent part of the shore; contains about eleven hundred examinable persons, and abounds with cattle. On the west side of the bay is a quarry of white marble, veined with dull red.

“ Enter Strath-fillan, or the vale of St. Fillan, an abbot who lived in the year 703, and retired here the latter end of his days. He is pleased to take under his protection the disordered in mind; and works wonderful cures, say his votaries, even to this day. The unhappy lunatics are brought here by their friends, who first perform the ceremony of the deafil, thrice round a neighbouring cairn; afterwards offer on it their rags, or a little bunch of heath tied with worsted; then thrice immerge the patient in a holy pool of the river, a second Bethesda; and to conclude, leave him fast bound in the neighbouring chapel. If in the morning he is found loose, the saint is supposed to be propitious; for if he continues in bonds, his cure remains doubtful; but it often happens that death proves the angel that releases the afflicted, before the morrow, from all the troubles of this life.

“ The deafil, or turning from east to west, according to the course of the sun, is a custom of high antiquity in religious ceremonies. The Romans practised the motion

motion in the manner now performed in Scotland. The Gaulish druids made their circumvolution in a manner directly reverse; but the druids of Gaul and Britain had probably the same reason for these circumambulations: for as they held the omnipresence of their God, it might be to instruct their disciples, that whosoever they turned their face, they were sure to meet the aspect of the Deity.

"The faint, the object of the veneration in question, was of most singular service to Robert Bruce, inspiring his soldiery with uncommon courage at the battle of Bannockburn, by a miracle wrought the day before in his favour. His Majesty's chaplain was directed to bring with him into the field, the arm of the faint, lodged in a silver shrine. The good man, fearing, in case of a defeat, that the English might become masters of the precious limb, brought only the empty cover; but, while the King was invoking the aid of St. Fillan, the lid of the shrine, placed before him on the altar, opened and shut of its own accord; on inspection, to the wonder of the whole army, the arm was found restored to its place; the soldiers accepted the omen, and, assured of victory, fought with an enthusiasm that ensured success. In gratitude for the assistance he received that day from the faint, he founded here, in 1314, a priory of canons regular, and consecrated it to him. At the dissolution, this house, with all the revenues and superiorities, were granted to an ancestor of the present possessor, the Earl of Breadalbane.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith, L. L. D. and F. R. S. In two Volumes, 4to. 11. 16s. boards. Cadell.

In the seventh chapter the author treats at great length of colonies. His observations on this subject are divided into three parts, in the first of which he inquires into the motives for establishing colonies. He begins with remarking that the interest which occasioned the first settlement of the different European colonies in America and the West-Indies, was not altogether so plain and distinct as that which directed the establishment of those of ancient Greece and Rome. Among the former of these two, the emigrants were considered as totally emancipated from the jurisdiction of their original country. But

the Roman colonies, the establishment of which was suggested by other motives than an impossibility of the natives of the republic being maintained within its own territories, were never absolved from the legislative authority of the state. The ancient colonies, Dr. Smith observes, derived their origin either from irresistible necessity, or from clear and evident utility. But the establishment of the European colonies in America and the West-Indies arose from necessity; and though the utility which has resulted from them has been very great, it is not altogether so clear and evident.

The second part treats of the causes of the prosperity of new colonies. Our author here observes that the colony of a civilized nation which takes possession, either of a waste country, or of one so thinly inhabited that the natives easily give place to the new settlers, advances more rapidly to wealth and greatness than any other human society. He also remarks that there are no colonies of which the progress has been more rapid than that of the English in North America; owing to their political institutions being more favourable to the improvement and cultivation of the land; and to various other circumstances which are fully explained.

The third part treats of the advantages which Europe has derived from the discovery of America, and from that of a passage to the East-Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. These, he divides, first, into the general advantages which Europe, considered as one great country, has derived from those events; and, secondly, into the particular advantages which each colonizing country has derived from the colonies which particularly belong to it, in consequence of the authority or dominion which it exerciseth over them. He observes that the general advantages which Europe, considered as one great country, has derived from the discovery and colonization of America, consist in the increase of its enjoyments, and in the augmentation of its industry.

Dr. Smith enumerates five different events, unforeseen and unthought of, which have concurred to hinder Great Britain from feeling, so sensibly as it was generally expected she would, the total interruption which has taken place in her trade with the associated provinces of North America. The first event mentioned is, that those colonies in preparing themselves

for

for their non-importation agreement, drained Great Britain completely of all the commodities which were fit for their market: secondly, the extraordinary demand of the Spanish flota has, this year, drained Germany and the North of many commodities, linen in particular, which used to come into competition, even in the British market, with the manufactures of Great Britain: thirdly, the peace between Russia and Turkey has occasioned an extraordinary demand from the Turkey market, which, during the distress of the country, and while a Russian fleet was cruising in the Archipelago, had been very poorly supplied: fourthly, the demand of the north of Europe for the manufactures of Great Britain, has been annually increasing for some time past; and fifthly, the late partition and consequential pacification of Poland, by opening the market of that great country, have added an extraordinary demand from thence to the increasing demand of the North. These events, our author observes, are all, except the fourth, in their nature transitory and accidental; and the exclusion from so important a branch of the colony trade, if unfortunately it should continue much longer, may occasion some degree of distress. This distress, however, he adds, as it will come on gradually, will be felt much less severely than if it had happened all at once; and, in the mean time, the industry and capital of the country may find a new employment and direction, so as to prevent it from ever rising to any considerable height.

In treating of the colonies, the author considers the principal grounds upon which the controversy with America is founded, and likewise the modes of taxation that have been proposed for terminating the dispute. On the whole of this subject he discovers the philosophical reasoning of a mind enlarged with comprehensive views of the general interest of society, and untinctured with any of the prejudices which generally characterise the abettors of different systems of policy.

The fifth book of this volume is employed on the revenue of the sovereign or commonwealth; in the first chapter of which the author treats of the expences of the sovereign or commonwealth. This chapter is divided into four parts. In the first, Dr. Smith considers the expence of defence; in the second, the expence of justice; and in the third, that of public works and public institutions.

The second chapter inquires into the sources of the general or public revenue of the society. The author observes that the revenue which must defray, not only the expence of defending the society, and of supporting the dignity of the chief magistrate, but all the other necessary expences of government, for which the constitution of the state has not provided any particular revenue, may be drawn either from some fund which peculiarly belongs to the sovereign or commonwealth, or from the revenue of the people.

We shall now dismiss this work with observing in general, that it contains an elaborate and peripatetic inquiry into those principles upon which the wealth and commerce of a nation are necessarily founded; and that it lays open, in the clearest view, the most difficult recesses of political oeconomy.

A New System, or, an Analysis of Ancient Mythology: wherein an Attempt is made to divest Tradition of Fable; and to reduce the Truth to its Original Purity. Vol. III. By Jacob Bryant. 4to. 11. 2s. boards. Payne. (Continued from p. 272.)

As we have been for many ages amused with accounts of Scythia; and several learned moderns, taking advantage of that obscurity, in which its history is involved, have spoken of it in a most unwarrantable manner, and extended it to an unlimited degree; this learned writer endeavours to shew, what the country originally was, and from whence it received its name.

There were many regions, he observes, in different parts of the world, which had this appellation. There was a province in Egypt, and another in Syria, styled Scythia. There was a Scythia in Asia Minor, upon the Thermodon above Galatia, where the Amazons were supposed to have resided. The country about Colchis, and Iberia, also a great part of Thrace, and Media, and all the Tauric Chersonesus, were styled Scythic. Lastly, there was a country of this name far in the East, situated upon the great Indic ocean, and consisting of a widely extended region, called Scythia Limyrica. But the Scythia spoken of by the ancient Greeks, and after them taken notice of by the Romans, consisted of those countries, which lay upon the coast of the Europe; and especially of those upon the north,

north, and north-eastern parts of that sea.

In this chapter the author explains the terms Scythismus and Hellenismus; and shews, that they were not the characteristics of times in succession, as many of the learned fathers have supposed: but related each to nearly one particular season, the age of Chus, and to the worship introduced by his sons; Hellenismus therefore had no relation to Greece, being far prior to Heilas, and to the people denominated from it. The very first idolatry consisting in the worship of the luminary El Ain, or *the fountain of light*, that worship was accordingly styled Hellenismus.

He goes on, and traces the various colonies of the Cuthites; observing, that most of them receiving their denominations from their worship; and that the Erythraei, Arabes, Oritæ, Æthiopes, Cathei, Indi, however various in title and characteristic, were all one family, the Cuthites from Babylonia and Chaldaea: that when they were driven from thence, and fled to different parts, a very large body of them betook themselves to Egypt.

There are, he observes, many fragments of ancient history, which mention the coming of the Cuthites from Babylonia into the land of Mizraim; and the country changing its name. But Manethon, who was an Egyptian, gives the most particular account of that inroad.

We are told by Manethon, that the whole body of this people had the appellation of royal shepherds. But our author supposes, that this title was more particularly given to their kings.

In respect to the history of these shepherds, the best writers, he thinks, have been greatly mistaken by proceeding always upon extremes. They suppose, either that the people spoken of were solely the Israelites, which is the opinion of Josephus and his adherents: or else that they were a people entirely of another race; and appropriate the history accordingly. But there is a medium to be observed; for it is certain, that they were two separate bodies of people, who came at different times: and they are plainly distinguished by Manethon. Those, who are mentioned with Moses are posterior to the others, and inhabited the very province, which the former had vacated. It is likewise mentioned by the same writer, these second shepherds were once

under the rule of an Heliopolitan, a person of great influence; who advised them not to reverence the sacred animals of the country, nor regard the gods: nor to inter-marry with the Egyptians; but to confine themselves to those of their own family. The name of this person was Osarsiph. Now I am persuaded, that Osarsiph is nothing else but a mistake in arrangement for Sar-Ofiph, *the lord Ofiph*, by which, no doubt, is meant Joseph of the scriptures.

According to our author's computation, the Cuthites left the country a few years before the arrival of the Israelites. This, he thinks, accounts for the land of Goshem being vacant, and for the city Avaris being unoccupied. Goshem, called from the late inhabitants Tabir Cushman, lay in the region of Heliopolis, the Zoan of the scriptures, at the extreme part of Delta; between the mountain of Arabia to the east, and the plain of the pyramids westward.

In this disquisition relative to the shepherd kings, Mr. Bryant has given a very probable account of their origin, their residence in Egypt, and their departure, and thrown great light on the obscure, and seemingly inconsistent, reports of ancient writers concerning these transactions. Yet he allows, 'that length of time has impaired the memorials; so that the history is of a mixed nature, and it is not easy to arrive at precision.'

In two subsequent chapters he treats of the first inhabitants, the kings, and dynasties of Egypt.

We cannot however attend in this Egyptian labyrinth.

The subjects, upon which he next employs his attention, are, the progress of the Ionic worship, the Ionian Hellenic colonies, the Dorians, Pelasgi, Cancones, Myrmidons, Arcadians, the Sparti of Greece and Colchis, the Hebrew Spartones, Meropes, Colchis, Hyperboreans, Amazons, &c.

Having stated the popular notion of the Amazons, he thus proceeds to shew its absurdity, and the real source of this piece of fabulous history.

The whole of this strange history has been owing to a wrong etymology. The Greeks, who would fain deduce every thing from their own language, imagined, that by the term Amazon was signified a person without a breast. This person they inferred to be a female; and in consequence of it, as the Amazons were a power-

a powerful people, they formed a notion, that they were a community of women who subsisted by themselves: and every absurdity, with which this history is attended, took its rise from the misconception above. They did not consider, that there were many nations of Amazons widely separated from each other; nor did they know, that they were themselves of Amazonian race. There may be found however some few, who siew the improbability of the story, and treated it with suitable contempt. Palæphatus, a man justly complimented for his good sense, gave it no credit. Strabo was born at Amastris in Cappadocia, an Amazonian region; and yet could obtain no evidence to countenance the history. He says, "that many legendary stories have a mixture of truth; and most accounts admit of some variation. But the history of the Amazons has been uniformly the same; the whole a monstrous and absurd detail, without the least shew of probability. For who can be persuaded, that a community of women, either as an army, or a city, or a state, could subsist without men? and not only subsist, but make expeditions, into other countries, and gain the sovereignty over kingdoms; not merely over the Ionians, and those who were in their neighbourhood; but to pass the seas, and to carry their arms into Europe? To accede to this were to suppose, that nature varied from her fixed principles: and that in those days women were men, and men women." This is very sensibly urged: and if it be incredible, that such an establishment should subsist in one place, as Strabo supposes; it must be still more improbable, that there should be nations of women widely separated, and all living independent of men. This has not been attended to by those, who would countenance the fable. It will be found, that the Colchians and Iberians, as well as the Cimmerians and Mæotæ, were Amazonians. So were all the Ionians; and the Atlantians of Mauritania. They were in general Cuthite colonies from Egypt and Syria: and as they worshiped the sun, they were called Azones, Amazones, Alazones; which are names of the same purport, and have equally a reference to the national object of worship.

In the latter part of this volume the author gives us an account of the knowledge, the ingenuity, and the works of the Cuthites. It was, it seems, these giants, these Titans of the first ages, who

erected the obelisks and pyramids of Egypt. Many have supposed, that these latter were designed for places of sculpture: and it has been affirmed by Herodotus and other ancient writers.

'But, says Mr. Bryant, they spoke by guess; and I have shewn by many instances, how usual it was for the Grecians to mistake temples for tombs. If the chief pyramid was designed for a place of burial, what occasion was there for a well, and for passages of communication, which led to other buildings? Near the pyramids are apartments of a wonderful fabric, which extend in length one thousand four hundred feet, and about thirty in depth. They have been cut out of the hard rock, and brought to a perpendicular by the artist's chisel; and through dint of labour fashioned as they now appear. They were undoubtedly designed for the reception of priests; and consequently were not appendages to a tomb, but to a temple of the Deity. The priests of Egypt delighted in obscurity; and they probably came by the subterraneous passages of the building to the dark chambers within; where they performed their lustrations and other nocturnal rites. Many of the ancient temples in this country were caverns in the rock, enlarged by art, and cut out into numberless dreary apartments: for no nation upon earth was so addicted to gloom and melancholy as the Egyptians. From the top of the pyramids, they observed the heavens, and marked constellations: and upon the same eminence it is probable, that they offered up vows and oblations.

Mr. Bryant having observed, that a reverential regard was shewn to fragments of rock, which were particularly uncouth and horrid, remarks on one of the most celebrated works of antiquity in this country.

Our author mentions many other moving stones of this nature in different parts of the world. These therefore are works of too much nicety, and too often repeated, to be effected by chance.

We are now come to the conclusion of this volume, and find an intimation, which gives us pleasure, that this performance may probably be continued—and, we hope, supplied with a general Index. 'Thus far,' says the learned author, 'I have proceeded in the explanation and proof of the system, in which I first engaged. Should any thing still remain,

which

which can afford a farther illustration, it must be deferred for a season.

When we consider the industry, penetration, and learning, displayed in this work, we cannot forbear looking on it with as much veneration, as we should view the stupendous structures of the author's Cuthim, 'which have been the astonishment of the world.'

The Border-History of England and Scotland, deduced from the earliest Times to the Union of the two Crowns. By the late Mr. George Ridpath, Minister of Stichill, revised and published by the Author's Brother Mr. Philip Ridpath, Minister of Hutton. 4to. 1l. 1s. Boards. Cadell.

From the earliest period of British history to the accession of James to the crown of England, the borders of the two contiguous nations were almost constantly the scene of rapine and desolation; and the various acts of their mutual hostility were chiefly committed in those parts. The borders, however, have not been distinguished only by transactions of a military kind; they have been likewise frequently the seat of pacific conventions, by which treaties of accommodation were concluded. A history therefore of the remarkable events that occurred on the frontiers of the two kingdoms comprizes, not only the principal warlike achievements performed within the island, but also many transactions of a civil nature, with which those were immediately connected.

In 1764, the author of this work published proposals for printing by subscription, *The History and Antiquities of Berwick, and the neighbouring country on each side of the eastern border of Scotland and England* (by which he meant Berwickshire, or the Mers, with some of the eastern and northern parts of Roxburghshire, on the side of Scotland; and those parts of Northumberland and the county of Durham, extending southward as far as Bamborough and Alnwick, on the side of England;) but he afterwards enlarged his plan, and composed the minute and extensive annals which are now presented to the public.

The recital of the military transactions is compiled from the most authentic historians of England and Scotland, and is accompanied with so much of the history of both nations, as was necessary towards exhibiting the subject in a clear and com-

prehensive light. For ascertaining the civil transactions, the author has had recourse to the valuable collection of archives published by Mr. Rymer, and also to the treaties preserved by Dr. Nicholson in his *Border-Laws*; both which Mr. Ridpath appears to have examined with peculiar attention.

These annals contain a more minute account of the transactions on the borders than is to be found in any general history of either kingdom; and as the author appears to have conducted the narrative with strict impartiality, it is probable that the work will prove interesting, at least to those who reside near the scenes which are the local subject of the detail.

A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion. By Soame Jenyns, Esq. small 8vo. 2s. sewed. Dodley.

The author of this treatise is a writer, whose opinion may have a very considerable weight with the generality of readers; and especially with superficial sceptics. For he assures them, that he is no enthusiast; that he once perhaps believed as little as themselves; but that having some leisure, and more curiosity, he employed them both in resolving a question, which seemed to him of some importance; whether Christianity was really an imposture founded on an absurd, incredible, and obsolete fable, as many suppose it; or whether it is, what it pretends to be, a revelation communicated to mankind by the interposition of supernatural power? On a candid enquiry, he says, he soon found, that the first was an absolute impossibility; and that its pretensions to the latter was founded on the most solid grounds. He adds, that, in this investigation, he perceived at every step, new lights arising, and some of the brightest from parts of it the most obscure, but productive of the clearest proofs, because equally beyond the power of human artifice to invent, and human reason to discover.

In pursuance of his design he states and explains the following propositions.

'First, that there is now extant a book intitled the *New Testament*.

'Secondly, that from this book may be extracted a system of religion intirely new, both with regard to the object and the doctrines, not only infinitely superior to, but unlike every thing which had ever before entered into the mind of man.

'Thirdly,

'Thirdly, that from this book may likewise be collected a system of ethicks, in which every moral precept founded on reason is carried to a higher degree of purity and perfection, than in any other of the wisest philosophers of preceding ages; every moral precept founded on false principles is totally omitted, and many new precepts added peculiarly corresponding with the new object of this religion.'

Our author observes, that the personal character of Christ is no less new and extraordinary, than Christianity itself; that he is the only founder of a religion in the history of mankind, which is totally unconnected with all human policy and government, and therefore totally uncondusive to any worldly purpose whatever.

'All others, says he, as Mahomet, Numa, and even Moses himself, blended their religious institutions with their civil, and by them obtained dominion over their respective people; but Christ neither aimed at, nor would accept of any such power.—I defy history to shew one, who ever made his own sufferings and death a necessary part of his original plan, and essential to his mission: this Christ actually did, he foresaw, foretold, declared their necessity, and voluntarily endured them.

He goes on, and asks, by which of the most celebrated poets are the joys reserved for the righteous in a future state, so sublimely described, as by this short declaration, that they are superior to all description? 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things, which God hath prepared for them that love him.' Where amidst the dark clouds of pagan philosophy can he shew us such a clear prospect of a future state, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment, as in St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians? Or from whence can he produce such cogent exhortations to the practise of every virtue, such ardent incitements to pity and devotion, and such assistances to attain them, as those which are to be met with throughout every page of these inimitable writings?

Having shewn in many other instances the superior excellence of the Christian Revelation, he proceeds to his third proposition. The first point which he demonstrates is, that in the New Testament every moral precept, founded on false

principles, and recommending false virtues, is intirely omitted. In the number of false virtues he reckons valour, patriotism, and friendship.

We shall pass over the rest of author's remarks, and conclude this article with assuring our readers, that, whatever notions may have prevailed to the contrary, there is not the least shadow of reason to question his sincerity. He evidently writes from the heart; and though we may differ from him in some points, yet we entirely agree with him in his general conclusion; and warmly recommend his ingenious performance to the perusal of every one, who is capable judging for himself, to the serious believer, and the unthinking infidel.

The first Canto of the Revolution: an Epic Poem. By Charles Crawford, Esq.
4to. 1s. 6d. Becket.

Mr. Crawford informs us, in an advertisement, that this is the first of twelve Cantos, which he proposes to write on the subject. The reason he gives for not publishing them all at once is, because he thought that so voluminous a work would scarcely invite the attention of many readers; the generality being too indolent to engage in the labour of investigating a production so extensive. On the other hand he hoped, that if the first canto met with applause, they would be beguiled to attend to the succeeding eleven.

As a specimen of the poem, we shall present our readers with the invocation.

'I sing the hero, whose auspicious arms
Drove from the British realm a tyrant king,
Hated by those he rul'd;—whom Eng-
land hail'd

Her great protector from her foes abroad,
The guardian, father of her sacred laws;
Whence the fam'd line of Brunswick fills
her throne,

And all her glory, all her blessings rise.—

'I woo nor thee, thou gooddeß,
heav'nly bright!

Fair Muse, who beauteous whilom didst
inspire

The great Mæondies, or Maro's pen:
Nor thee, who gav'st thine aid of later
years

To him, great bard, Britannia's boasted
pride,

Majestic Milton; who, in verse no less
Sublime, a theme unsung before display'd;
But thee, who fairer, lovelier to mine eyes,
In these our days thine inspiration gav'st

To

To him still greater, as his page shines
forth

With equal poetry, with better sense,
Voltaire;—come! o'ershadow me with
thy wings;

Whence I may brood on thoughts so truly
great,

That when they quicken into lofty verse,
Attentive kings may tremble while they
read,

And trembling learn; the people too
give ear,

While calm and unimpassion'd, but from
thee;

What each should shun destructive to
their peace,

What best pursue, I sing;—the ravish'd
ear

Delighting thus, while to the inmost
heart

I pour instruction sound.—Thus wisely
they,

Who minister to peevish ailing child,
Place honey round the cup to guise his
fears,

When he receives the healing draught,
compos'd

Of wormwood, or of other nauseous drug.
' From thy sublime abode, the heav'n
of heav'n's,

Where radiant at th' Almighty's feet
thou sit'st,

In all the dazzling majesty of light,
Descend, fair Truth! and guide thy
poets pen.

While he accounts, in never-dying verse,
Great William's fame:—the Muses and
their train

'Tis true he courts, enamour'd of their
grace:

On thee and on thy steps they shall attend:
Thine handmaids, not thy beauteous
modest form

With arts adult'rate to disguise or daub:
But with a pure ingenious skill to deck
Thy simple charms, and make them as
the charms

Of Virgin, who no garish colour throws
On native beauty, till to mortal sight,
Like her, thou altogether shalt become
Attractive, irresistible, divine.

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Attractive, irresistible, divine.

Attractive, irresistible, divine.

more finished monuments of their art behind them, yet it were injustice to refuse the publisher of these volumes a considerable share of our applause. He has here (with no small industry) assembled the scattered remains of Pope, Prior, Gay, &c. &c. &c. As these peices are undoubtedly genuine, they are proportionably valuable. A great part of them has never before appeared in print: and if some few should be regarded as too minute and unimportant, they may be easily excused for the sake of others which are confessedly interesting and curious. We will not plunder the collection before us; by making extracts from it: especially as the public has been already entertained with a sample of its contents in one of the public papers.

The Haunch of Venison, a Poetical Epistle to Lord Clare. By the late Dr. Goldsmith. 4to. 1s. 6d. Kearsly.

Whoever is conversant with the literary artifices of the town, knows that spurious production which otherwise might have met with few readers, have often been successfully introduced to the world as the posthumous publication of some author of acknowledged genius and merit. With respect to the poem before us, however, it is written so much in the genuine manner of Dr. Goldsmith; that even were there no other proof of its authenticity, it could hardly be suspected of owing its origin to the fraud that has been mentioned.

The epistle begins with returning thanks to Lord Clare for a present of venison which the author had received from his Lordship. The disposal of the haunch, and the whimsical accident by which the expectation of the guests who were invited to partake of the repast, was disappointed, are related with much humour. The following lines with which the poem concludes, contain an ingenious well-turned thought in commendation of the epistle.

' Sad Philomel thus—but let similes
drop;

And now, that I think on't, the story
may stop.

To be plain, my good Lord, 'tis but
labour misplac'd

To send such good verses to one of your
taste:

You've not an odd something, a kind of
discerning,

A relish, a taste, lick'd over by learning;

S s

Alt

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Alt

At least it's your temper, 'tis very well known,

That you think very slightly of all that's your own :

So perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,

You may make a mistake—and think slightly of this.

Subjoined to the epistle is an epitaph on Parnel, with two little songs, composed in an agreeable moral strain.

A Rhapsody occasioned by a late extraordinary Decision. And inscribed to Sir Watkin Lewes. By J. Greenwood. 4to. 1s. Almon.

The subject of this poem is the decision of the Worcester election, which the author laments in a strain that is far from being unpoetical. The annexed Complaint of Sabrina, or the Severn, though in different versification, is composed nearly in the same spirit.

Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, on various Occasions. 8vo. 3s. sewed. Kearsly.

An excellent cargo for the use of the pastry cooks, and the other patrons of unfortunate publications.

Extract from Pope's Translation corresponding with the Beauties of Homer, selected from the Iliad, by William Holwell, B. D. 8vo. 4s. Rivington.

A proper companion to the Beauties of Homer selected from the original Greek. And the author has prefixed to it, by way of introduction, Mr. Melmoth's observations on Pope's Translation, published in the Letters of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne.

McFingal: a modern Epic Poem. 8vo. 1s. Almon.

A doggerel rhapsody, extended thro' forty-four pages, without wit, humour, or any discoverable design.

Sonnets. 4to. 1s. Snagg.

Amidst much incoherency, and a variety of palpable defects, some very faint indication of poetical spirit may be perceived in these compositions.

The Bankrupt. A Comedy, in Three Acts. By Samuel Foote, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Kearsly.

Though we do not entirely concur with some modern critics, who seem inclined to exclude sentiment from comedy, yet *humour* must be allowed to

be the life and soul of that species of composition. A comedy without humour is as extravagant an idea as a tragedy without passion, or an epic poem without the sublime. Common life is its object, and humour its instrument. The copy must not only be faithful, but ludicrous; and every comic writer should, like the author whose piece now lies before us, endeavour to be a kind of Hogarth of the drama.

The Bankrupt, however, has its serious touches blended with the ridiculous. The character of Sir Robert Riscoounter is so whimsically imagined and delineated, that the tears stand in our eyes while we are smiling at his absurdities; and the consultation on the expediency of bankruptcy is a most masterly, as well as seasonable, piece of satire.

This Comedy is introduced by a very excellent prologue, admirably adapted to the subject, and containing a happy parody on the well known speech of a late unfortunate nobleman.

Epicene; or the Silent Woman. A Comedy written by Ben Johnson. With Alterations by George Colman. 8vo. 1s. Becket.

The alterations made by Mr. Colman in the fable and dialogue of this comedy, must be acknowledged to be judicious, and well executed; nor has he been less successful in the imitation of Ben Johnson's style and manner, where any additions were required, in consequence of those alterations.

Airs, Ballads, &c. in the Blackamoor washed White, a comic Opera. 8vo. 6d. Corral.

These *Airs* are entitled only to a very faint degree of approbation, either in point of composition or humour.

An Occasional Prelude, performed at the Opening of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, Sept. 21, 1772. By George Colman. 8vo. 6d. Becket.

This sprightly bagatelle, which bears some resemblance to the colloquial prologues of the French, is written with great humour, and displays a few scenes and characters in the genuine spirit of comedy.

Don Quixote, a Musical Entertainment. 8vo. 1s. Wilkie.

One who was well acquainted with the knight of La Mancha, and his squire, could

could hardly recognize them in this production, where they are entirely deprived of those striking characteristics which render them so highly entertaining in the history of Cervantes.

Lectures on that Part of the Church Catechism, commonly called the Apostles Creed. Preached in St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, (Pursuant to the Will of Dr. Busby.) By Thomas Benent, M. A. 8vo. 5s. sewed. Bew.

Dr. Busby, here mentioned, was the celebrated master of Westminster school. This learned man presided over that seminary of classical education forty-five years, and died in 1695, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. What he left for preaching his lectures, or what is required of the lecturer, we cannot inform our readers. If it was a small donation, little can be expected.

These discourses are calculated for a plain, unlearned congregation. The author does not attempt to enter into any critical disquisitions, or to display the learning of bishop Pearson: he dispatches the argumentative part of his discourse with the greatest facility. The language is in general easy and correct. But, as the book lies before us, we observe a slip of the pen, which the author may alter, if he thinks proper.—'All who have fell asleep, and been *lain* unto their fathers,' p. 142.

The Principles of the Revolution vindicated, in a Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, on Wednesday, May 29, 1776. By Richard Watson, D. D. F. R. S. 4to. 1s. White.

This Sermon contains some free, but, at the same time, very sensible remarks on every species of tyranny, regal, parliamentary, and democratical.

Sermons to the Condemned. Literally, intended for the Benefit of those under Sentence of Death by the Laws of their Country; spiritually, for all who feel themselves under Condemnation by the Law of God, and who may properly be styled Prisoners of Hope. To which is added an original Dialogue, between the Minister and a Convict ordered for Execution. By David Edwards. 12mo. 2s. Dilly.

In the methodistical strain; but pious and pathetic.

Instructions for Young People in the Public Worship of God. By A. Crocker. 12mo. 3d. Robinson.

This tract contains a short explication of the scope and propriety of the public prayers of the church; some directions for a proper behaviour, during the performance of divine service; and, at the conclusion, two- or three prayers for private use: calculated for young people, and others of ordinary capacity.

Pietas Redingenfis, or a Vindication of the Rev. John Hallward's Sermon on Tit. iii. 8. By Richard Hill, Esq. 8vo. 6d. Matthews.

Mr. Hallward's sermon, in defence of the Calvinistic notions of faith and good works, was printed in November last; and some time afterwards was attacked by Mr. Wainhouse in the Reading Mercury. This production is a vindication of the former, and an answer to the latter; but of very little consequence to any reader, not immediately concerned in the controversy.

Independence the Object of the Congress in America. 8vo. 1s. Rivington.

The object of the congress is too palpable to admit of any equivocation; but if there could be the smallest doubt of their design, the facts to which this author appeals, might fully determine the question.

The Constitutional Advocate. 8vo. 1s. Flexney.

The constitutional advocate is, in other words, an advocate for the colonies; whose cause he endeavours to maintain by a repetition of arguments which have already been often refuted.

Reflections on the American Contest. 8vo. 1s. Bew.

The author of this pamphlet endeavours to shew, that the attempt of forcing the Americans to submission is extremely impolitic, as it may produce an indelible animosity between the two countries, which it should be the object of government to reconcile. This is saying neither more nor less, than that the Americans ought to be totally emancipated from the duty of subjects, whenever they choose it.

FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

The J A I L.

'TIS done! the catchpole has perform'd
his work,
And now the Turnkey at the dismal gate
Expecting stands, and gives the wretch admis-
sion:

Thus triple-headed Cerberus of old
Guarded the gate to Pluto's dread domains,
And shew'd as much compassion as a jailer.
The Prisoner, aghast, surveys the place,
The seat of desolation and despair,
Where the sun's cheerful beams scarce ever
enter;

The dreary walls salute his wond'ring eyes,
On all sides round are signs of wretchedness:
In vain, philosophy calls in its aid
To stand the sudden shock; for who at once
Parts with the charms of sweet society,
And gives up liberty, the balm of life,
To be immur'd 'twixt darksome mould'ring
walls

With murderers, thieves, and other horrid vil-
lains,

Like Milton's damn'd, cut off from even hope,
And not submits reluctant to his fate?
The cause, perhaps, benevolence of soul,
A mind well fraught with ev'ry social virtue,
Or not being hackney'd in the ways of men,
Which makes th' unwary prey'd on by the
sharp,

Who now exults and triumphs in his ruin.

The garnish paid, with eyes more sharp than
Argus,

The Turnkey then surveys the culprit's form
From head to foot, from foot to head again;
Not Titian, Vanduyke, Kneller, ever drew
Heroes of old, or some enchanting beauty,
Where th' animated canvas seems to breathe,
With more exactness than the Turnkey trea-
sures

The likeness of his face, within his mind
Tenacious fix'd, lest he, perchance, 'midst those
Whom love or curiosity brings there,
Might, unperceiv'd, steal out, and so elude
His piercing looks, and 'scape his harpy talons.

Mean while the Prisoners around him ga-
ther,

With sneering looks, and hail their new ac-
quaintance,

Who, with desponding air and downcast eyes,
Curses the hapless hour that brought him
hither;

When, lo! to raise and elevate his spirits,

One of the number, with audacious front,
And jocund accent, thus harangues his bro-
ther:

' Whate'er mistaken mortals of a Jail
' May vainly think, here pleasures never fail;
' The grave, the gay, the witty, and the young,
' Promiscuous join and form the motley
throng;

' Here safe from tempests and inclement skies,
' The Debtor all the frowns of fate defies;

' The Politician terms his airy schemes,
' The Poet of the Muses haunts still dreams,

' And, in imagination, quaffs the helico-
nian streams;

' Here old Sir Tawdry, once of high renown,
' Whose equipage surpris'd the gaping town,

' Bilks all mankind, and will not pay a
crown;

' Here broken Lawyers and their clients meet,

' And, free from rancour, now each other
greet;

' Sir Traffick view, Philosopher and Beau,

' His honour nothing—but an empty shew;

' Here gamesters, rakes, pimps, bawds, and
buskin'd players,

' Strutting about, retain their former airs;

' This world in miniature survey with joy,

' Where still new objects ev'ry thought em-
ploy,

' To us "no high, no low, no great, no small,"

' A Jail, like death, equals and levels all.'

His arguments are vain, and lost in air,
The wretch retires, o'erwhelm'd with grief
immense,

And dwells on scenes of deepest melancholy;
To find himself sequester'd from the world,

From wife, from children, and relations dear,
And made a useless member of society.

Away, desponding thoughts, let grief no
more

Unman the soul, and rob it of its vigour;

Hope, heaven-born maid, descending from on
high,

Darts to the breast some glimpse of future joy,
And banishes despair with all her train,

As morning mists retire before the sun;

Exert yourselves, ye Prisoners of hope!

The flying canvas to the gale set free,

By royal George's mandate, ye shall sail

With joy and pleasure down the stream of life,

And, shunning quicksands, whirlpools, storms
and tempests,

Once more regain the harbour of blest Liberty.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE to the CONTRACT

Intended to have been spoken

By Mr. FOOTE.

THE CONTRACT is it call'd?—I cannot say,

I much admire the title of his play;
Contracts, they tell me, have been fraught
with evil,

Since *Faustus* sign'd his Contract with—the
Devil;

Yet, spite of *Satan*, all men love to make 'em:
Tho' nineteen out of twenty wish to break
'em;

Butchers and meal-men, brewers, agents,
factors,

Pimps, poets, placemen, managers, and
actors,

Bawds, bankrupts, bookfellers, are all—
Contractors,

All lye, and swear, and cheat, to increase their
store

Then die, and go—where *Faustus* went before.
Whilst thus o'er all we see th' infection
spread,

No wonder it shou'd taint the marriage bed;
Each wife forgets, each husband break his
vow,

For what are Contracts? What is wedlock
now?

GARRICK, who long was marry'd—to the
town,

At length, a fashionable husband grown,
Forfeakes his spouse; base man! for, truth to
tell,

She lov'd her own dear *DAVY* wond'rous well;
Tho' now he flights her, breaks from her by
force,

And nought will serve him but a full divorce.
But be the fault in women or in men,
Thanks to our laws! they all may—wed
again;

Her faithless fav'rite gone, the Lady's free,
To choose another, and may smile—on me,
To the *Lame Lover* may resign her charms;
Aad, tho' a cripple, take me to her arms:

I'll promise to be constant, kind, polite,
And pay my duty—every other night:
My dear-lov'd rib I never will abandon,
But stand by her whilst I've one leg to stand
on;

I'll make a solemn *Contract*, play or pay,
And hope we shall not part this many a day.

Our brother scribbler too, I greatly fear,
Has made a foolish kind of Contract here,
He promises, and ten to one you're bit,
To furnish sable, sentiment, and wit:

I've seen his piece, the man appeal'd to me,
And I, as Chancellor, issued my decree;
'T has pass'd the seals—they're going to re-
hearse it,

But you're the *House of Peers*—and may re-
verse it.

The CONTENTED MAN.

IF Fortune smile, if Fortune frown,

It neither gives me joy or pain;

I seek no riches nor renown,

Nor pleasures of the proud and vain;

I rest so pleas'd with what I have,

I wish no more, no more I crave.

I fear no French nor Spanish fleet.

Nor tremble at the din of war;

If Hancock or if N—— defeat,

One humble poet does not care;

I cannot lose, I hope no gain,

I envy none, I none disdain.

Ambition tears the courtier's breast,

See Piercy fights and starves for fame;

Care mounts the Couch where monarchs rest;

And gold the miser's Heart inflame;

From these proud vanities quic free,

Dear A——, I live to love and thee.

I feign no friendship where I hate;

I fawn not on the great (for show),

Like prouder Symon, in the street,

That gives to ev'ry coach a bow;

A mind content is all my cheer,

A laugh and sixty pounds per year,

ODE to MORNING.

HOW sweet to draw the fragrant breath of
morn,

When glorious from the east the rising sun

Dispels th' unwholsome mists

That cloud th' awakening day.

When soft refreshing blows the western gale,

And gently moves th' odoriferous shrub

Impregn'd with silvery dew,

Bright, sparkling to the sun.

While the green verdure, or the leafy wood

Gladdens the eye, and adds new strength to
sight;

The vocal feather'd tribe

Melodious charms the ear.

Or from the tangled brake, or whiten'd thorn,

The mellow blackbird joins the softer finch,

While numbers thro' the grove

Make vocal every spray.

The scarce fledg'd brood now try their infant

wings,

First flutt'ring, fearful climb the lower boughs,

'Till grown more bold, they soar

From forth the native tree.

Scarce hath the sun the hilly summit gain'd,

And ting'd the mountain tops with burnish'd

gold,

When conscious of his ray,

The flocks beat from the fold.

Forth from the deeper vale the mightier herds

Lowing, more loudly hail the glad return.

And

And crowding numbers haste
To fill the milky pail.

The rosy milk-maid, glowing fresh with health,
New joyfully resumes her morning care,
And singing, gently strokes
The fall distended dug.

Forth from the stable now, the harness'd horse,
Or from his stall the steer, the plowman
drives,

To turn the fide-long glebe
O'er many a fallow land.

Now beams with stronger heat the lamp of
day,
Drinking with double force the shrinking dew,
And more delightful morn
Gives way to sultry noon.

Ab—n, May 1776.

G. K.

THE PLEASANT AND BLACK-BIRD;

A F A B L E.

THIS very true, but very strange,
You'll find it so in fancy's range,
That discontented most appear,
And think their neighbours happier are.
The great they envy still the poor,
And say the cottage is secure:
There sweet Content expands her wing;
And Nature makes perpetual spring;
While cares and troubles still await
Those who are burthen'd with the state.
How wide they aim, how near they guess,
Perhaps the Fable may express.
A pheasant once upon a day,
When every thing around was gay,
Within the grove in plaintive tone,
In piteous sort was heard to moan:
"Ah me! of all the feather'd kind,
That haunt the woods, or cut the wind,
Not one poor bird there I can see
Is doom'd to such a fate as me.

Why such gay plumage to behold?
Why purple ting'd with radiant gold?
Why variegated thus my breast?
Why lovely to the eye confess?
This happy form, so bright, so gay,
Is but the pageant of a day;
The sportsman comes, he points his gun,
My little business soon is done;
My plumage, of a thousand dyes,
Now scatter'd o'er the meadow flies.
Each little bird with tuneful throat,
Who has not such a gawdy coat,
May blithely sing the live-long day,
And cheerful hop from spray to spray,
The morning, noon, and night the same,
They're not distinguished as game:
The linnets, black-bird, or the thrush,
Are each secure within the bush."
"Hold, (cried a black-bird near at hand)
Your argument I understand,

And find your notions are not right;
In some things you're mistaken quite.
Why should you think your gawdy breast
Is singled out from all the rest?
Search ev'ry copse, look o'er the mead,
Thousands like you are doom'd to bleed—
Alike the black-bird, or the lark,
Are made like you the sportsman's mark,
Winter or Summer, ev'ry day,
Birds are to man a destin'd prey.
My fate uncertain is as thine,
I wait my lot, and don't repine;
For 'tis in vain—to sit and sigh,
Since birds and men alike must die.
As heav'n shall will I wait th' event,
And so should you and be content.

To DELIA singing and playing on the Harpsicord

WHILE Delia's hands the magic strings
controul,
Soft pleasing wishes swell each raptur'd soul;
We feel the god exult in ev'ry vein,
We glow! we tremble! with the pleasing
pain.

Such notes melodious sigh'd thro' Lesbos' grove,
When plaintive Sappho tun'd her soul to love;
Such melting accents warble o'er the plains,
When Philomela chaunts her dying strains—
Go gay-plum'd Zephyr listen while she sings,
Waft the soft melody on your rosy wings;
In silence go—nor whisper what we've said,
Let not our fate distress the gentle maid—
Better we beaux in whole battalions die,
Than her soft breast should heave one painful
sigh:

Sooner than love should this sweet nymph en-
tangle,
In cords of hemp let Macaroni's dangle.
We'll pinion the rogue, or filch his polish'd
bow—

So may no arrows touch these globes of snow,
Where sense, where virtue, heav'n-born sis-
ters, meet,
There too let peace enjoy a blest retreat.
To Delia's breast, while white-rob'd peace re-
tires,
Amintor bleeds, and gentle L— expires.

A THUNDER STORM.

*The Tempest caught them on the tender walk.
Thompson's Seasons.*

SAD sick'ning scene! Creation's light
Behind yon sable shroud retires,
Gives Heav'n the wrinkled brow of night,
Ere day with hoary age expires.

From east to west, in dread array,
The clouds, commission'd from on high,
Great Nature's fallow'd & soul obey,
And gloom the concave of the sky.

Forc-

Forewarn'd by instinct's tender care
Her plummy papils check their strains,
To shelt'ring thickets strait repair,
Depopulating distant plains.

The mutt'ring Thunder strikes alarm;
The clouds big signs of sorrow weep;
To reach the neighb'ring friendly farm,
The fear-struck shepherd quits his sheep.

Behold the tawny sons of toil
Suspend the labours of the fields;
Where Ceres crowns the teeming soil
With ev'ry blessing plenty yields.

Alike in doubtful darkness lie,
The fir-crown'd hill and glossy green;
All Nature drooping seems to sigh,
Prophetic of the solemn scene.

To wake the sinner's sleepy soul,
The vivid flashes ghastly glare;
Long peals of rattling thunder roll,
And shake the tempest-troubled air.

Now rushing cataracts descend
To calm the elemental fray;
The golden sheaves of harvest bend,
And fruits in rich confusion lay.

The pool expands its narrow space,
With circling surface swiftly swells,
O'erflows its native pebbly vase,
And thro' the mead with rage impels.

Grim Desolation wasting wide
Now stretches forth her iron hand;
Exulting views th' impetuous tide,
And drives her ploughshare o'er the land.

See, see! yon ivy-mantled oak
Like some gigantic hero fall;
Nor waits the woodman's wearied stroke,
But shiv'ring sheaths the flying ball.
And hark! that voice arrests my ears,
Which first proclaim'd th' Almighty will;
From chaos call'd the sparkling spheres,
The Oracle of Sinai's hill.

To me it speaks a breathing dust,
Invites my heart, entomb'd in sin,
To seek the portion of the just,
And wreaths of deathless laurels win.

And shall I not the call obey?
Shall mornless night my soul confound?
O God, strike terror deep to day,
While Heav'n and Mercy's to be found,
So when the death-dethroning peal
Shall summon Nature to her tomb,
May thou affix salvation's seal,
And snatch me from the sinner's doom.

The storm subsides; the sun appears;
The vocal woods their charms display;
Like beauty shine more bright in tears,
And rustling wait the close of day.

H. M.

The BACCHANALIAN TRIUMPH.

A New TRIO.

Song at RANELAGH.

CHORUS.

HENCE, thou Cynic, hoary Time!
Prithee, tell us what's our crime!—
Why with frowns in dread array,
Would'st thou cloud Spring's festive day?
Smooth thy furrow'd front of snow,
'Tis not yet for us to go!
Love and Wine give joys sublime!
Hence, thou Cynic, hoary Time!

AIR I. Mr. Meredith.

Come, old Boy!—no more be dull,
Let thy glass be ever full;
Then I'll pledge thee out of mine,
Bumper'd with the richest wine:
If thou wilt not,—what care I,—
So I drink before I die!
Joys like mine must long withstand
Thy too rigid, frozen hand!

CRO. Hence, thou Cynic, hoary time, &c.

AIR II. Mrs. Baynton.

Parent of all human woe,
Quickly from our presence go;
We have other guests to see,
Quite unknown to Death or thee!
Venus, drawn by billing doves,
All the Graces, all the Loves!—
—Such extatic bliss in view,
Who can deign to think of you?

CRO. Hence, thou Cynic, hoary Time, &c.

AIR III. Mrs. Smith.

Oh the happy deed is done!
—See! the grey intruder's gone:
Pleasure takes the filken rein
'Till the cripple comes again!
Let's be jocund, blythe, and gay,
Now 'tis Nature's holiday;
She commands us in our prime,
Ne'er to think of Father Time!

CHORUS.

Hence, thou Cynic, hoary Time!
Prithee, tell us what's our crime? &c.

The TRAVELLERS.

Bright was the morn—the air serene—
With splendor Phæbus shin'd,
When Love with Hope a walk began,
Real happiness to find.

Gay Love (for so my fancy speaks)
In variegated charms,
With heart elate and gentle looks,
March'd lightly with his arms.

With filken cord his bow was strung,
His brow with myrtles bound;
And by his side the quiver hung,
So often fatal found.

Hope,

Hope, with a count'nance mild and fair,
In robe celestial dress'd,
Tripp'd o'er the meads quite debonnaire;
Her face content express'd.

They came unto a cottage-door,
And sought a night's retreat;
But, ah! the landlord was so poor,
They could not with it meet.

Onward they trudg'd a mile or twain,
Some stately dome to find;
But here their labour was in vain:
The host, with voice unkind,

Call'd each a poor romantic fool,
And bid them haste away;
Nor think he would be made a tool,
Whatever they could say.

In fine, o'er various lands they rang'd,
Nor found what thus they sought;
For happiness (from all estrang'd)
Was not so easy caught.

One subject unexplor'd remain'd;
'Twas hearts to Truth ally'd,
Which curs'd ambition never pain'd,
Unwar'd by baneful pride.

And here they met a welcome kind,
Sweet as refreshing flow'rs
(By southern breezes more refin'd)
To infant budding flow'rs.

Henceforth—said Love—my darts shall prove
Foës only to the base;
With thee, dear Hope, I'll cheerful rove,
A friend to human race.

And, when I meet congenial minds,
To try my bow and skill;
Which sense and honour firmly binds:
'Tis thine assistance still

Shall be the Ganymede for bliss,
To blend the cup of grief;
Thy smiles shall soothe their woes to peace,
And give their cares relief.

Hope bow'd assent—from which blest time
They may on earth be found;
And Happiness hath pitch'd her tent,
Where Hymen both has crown'd.

Univer. Mag.

VERSES occasioned by the DEATH of an
only SON who was born on the 24th of
June. Written Extempore.

HIS birth auspicious, tho' his fate severe;
Flora for him her flow'ry carpet spread;
Display'd the beauties of the fruitful year,
And strew'd fresh roses on Narcissus' head.

Him Juno lov'd—That month which bears
her name,
In her mild zenith, brought Narcissus forth;
My heart exulting felt the purest flame,
And hail'd the Goddess smiling on his birth.

Yet what avails it, tho' the rosy hue
In all its lustre did his cheeks adorn?
The sad remembrance wakes my woes anew,
And leaves a patent anxious and forlorn.

Yet time nor absence shall my flame remove;
Annual to thee, bright Juno! will I bring
A rosy garland, sacred to my Love!
Cull'd from the bosom of the blooming Spring.
Univer. Mag.

ON CUPID. An Epigram in Imitation
of a Greek Author.

AS I a garland wove one day,
Among the roses Cupid lay,
I seiz'd his wings, and made him mine,
Plung'd him into a bowl of wine,
Then swallow'd down the power divine,
And now with titillating smart,
His pinions flutter round my heart:

IMPARTIALIST.

THE CASCADE.

CURIO, ambitious of a taste,
Having his little garden grac'd
With every object for the eye
Which Art or Fancy could supply:
To crown the whole, at length had made,
Without water, a cascade.
Behind his artificial rock,
A cistern plac'd, he turn'd a cock;
And lo! the little Naiads spout
And sputter—till the tub run out.
Not with more rapture Israel spied
The streams by Moses' rod supplied.

One evening, ere the sun was set,
Some neighbouring folks of rank were met;
To visit Curio, for their fun:
The cock is turn'd, the waters run:
Sir John applauded; Lady Betty
And all the Ladies vow'd 'twas pretty!

Regardless of domestic matters
Curio plays on; the torrent patters,
And rushes faster still, and faster—
Woultst fretting at her thoughtless master,
Poor Doll—behind the garden-door
(Who knew th' exhausted wat'ry store
Her labour must again supply)
Pet old his pranks with evil eye:
And tho' she knew 'twas all in vain,
No longer could her wrath restrain:
"Hold! hold!" cries Doll, will unfeign'd
sorrow,
"Why, Sir!—we are to brew to morrow."
Bath Mag.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURENCES.

Trieſte, May 13.

THE 25th of laſt month, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, a houſe took fire in the town of Waradin, the capital of Eiclavonia, which burnt down the whole place, except the church of St. Florentine, ſome hotels, and the poſt-office. The houſe of the Ex-Jefuits and General Naddaſti's hotel were conſumed, and notwithstanding every aſſiſtance, at midnight above 600 houſes were reduced to aſhes. The next day the fire ſeemed again to renew its former ravages, but at laſt with great difficulty one ſeventh part of the town was ſaved. Several citizens and religious perished in the flames. This unhappy accident is ſaid to have been occaſioned by a perſon letting fall ſome lighted tobacco out of his pipe, without ſufficiently extinguishing it.

Paris, June 12. It is ſaid, by the mediation of France, the differences between the Courts of Spain and Portugal are accommodated, and that new limits are fixed in the iſland of St. Domingo, between the territories of Spain and France, in ſuch a manner as will be of great advantage to the latter, without being any diſadvantage to the former; for the territory which has been ceded was not cultivated.

The Biſhop of Clermont died lately, and, it is ſaid, 1,500,000 livres were found in gold and ſilver coin in his coffers.

Paris, June 15. Though the Gazette de France announced the diſtemper of the Count d'Artois to be the measles, it is poſitively reported to be the ſmall-pox, and that the phyſicians are under great apprehenſions with regard to him.

Conſtantinople, May 18. We are informed that the Ruſſians are hard at work, building a fortrefs between Kerche and Jenecale. The commanding Officer there has reconciled the neighbouring Tartars, and keeps up reciprocal good intelligence with them. We are likewiſe aſſured that navigation is going to be ſet on foot in that country, by means of ſeveral light

frigates, which Ruſſia intends to ſend into thoſe parts.

Hamburgh, June 18. By accounts from Ruſſia we learn, that the ſquadron of eleven men of war fitted out at Cronſtadt will be augmented with ſix more; all of them are to take on board ſix weeks provisions, and to be commanded by Vice-Admiral Telmanow.

The conſiderable armaments fitting out in all parts of Europe at a time of profound peace gives riſe to many conjectures.

Versailles, June 22. Monſieur, the King's next brother, has been attacked with the measles, but it is hoped he will get through it ſafely. He was taken ill the 19th. The Count d'Artois is quite recovered.

Warſaw, June 19. Laſt Saturday we received the agreeable news from Cracow of the reſtitution of the town of Caſimir, which was made on the 9th of this month, when the Auſtrian garrifon retired, and the inhabitants were freed from the oath of fidelity they took to his Imperial and Royal Majeſty at the time poſſeſſion was taken of that place by him. This reſtitution is of great advantage to his Majeſty, both in point of trade, and addition of revenue.

From the BRISTOL GAZETTE.

Briſtol, July 3. The following freſh advices from America were brought by the Sirena, Capt. Furſe, who arrived here yeſterday from Boſton in 30 days; by which the preſent intentions of the Americans are more fully diſcovered than by any former publications.

AMERICAN UNITED COLONIES.

In Congreſs, May 15, 1776.

WHEREAS his Britannic Majeſty, in conjunction with the Lords and Commons of Great Britain, has, by a late Aſt of Parliament, excluded the inhabitants of theſe United Colonies from the protection of his Crown. And whereas no answer whatever to the humble petition of the Colonies for redreſs of grievances and re-

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conciliation

conciliation with Great Britain, has been, or is likely to be given; but the whole force of that kingdom, aided by foreign mercenaries, is to be exerted for the destruction of the good people of these Colonies. And whereas it appears absolutely irreconcilable to reason and good conscience, for the people of these Colonies to take the oaths and affirmations necessary for the support of any government under the Crown of Great Britain; and it is necessary that the exercise of every kind of authority under the said Crown shall be totally suppressed, and all the powers of government exerted under the authority of the people of these Colonies, for the preservation of internal peace, virtue, and good order, as well for the defence of ourselves, liberties, and properties, against the hostile invasions and cruel depredations of our enemies.

Therefore resolved, That it be recommended to the respective assemblies and conventions of the United Colonies, where no government sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs has been hitherto established, to adopt such government as shall in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general.

By order of the Congress,

JOHN HANCOCK, President.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Spithead, June 21. On the 18th the remainder of the second division of Brunswick troops arrived here, as did yesterday all the transports with the second division of Hessian troops on board; and they are preparing for their immediate departure for North America.

Admiralty-Office, June 29. Vice Admiral Shuldhani, in his letter dated the 20th of May, gives an account, that the cruisers of his Squadron had intercepted and taken 24 ships and vessels belonging to or trading with his Majesty's rebellious subjects in North America, in addition to those mentioned in his letter of the 25th of April, among which was the Lion schooner, bound from Cape Francois to Rhode Island, laden with arms and ammunition.

Portsmouth, June 27. Yesterday the transports, having on board the Brunswick troops, and the company of Hanau artillery, sailed from St. Helen's with a fair wind, under convoy of his Majesty's ships Amazon and Garland,

St. James's, June 29. The King has been pleased to grant unto Edward Chapman, of Cambridge, Esq. and to his issue, his royal licence to assume the surname of Green only, in compliance with the will of Christopher Green, of St. Andrew the Great in Cambridge, deceased.

The King has been pleased to grant unto Sir John Dinely Goodere, of Charlton, in Worcestershire, Bart. and to his issue, his royal licence to take and use the surname of Dinely only, in compliance with the will of Sir Edward Dinley, of Charlton aforesaid, deceased.

The night's Gazette gives an account, that the parliament of Ireland met on the 18th of June, when the Lord Lieutenant sent for the Commons, and directed them to chuse a Speaker; and they having elected the Right Hon. Edmund Sexton Pery, Esq. into that office, he was by them presented, and approved by his Excellency, who then made a speech to both Houses of Parliament, in which he acquaints them that his Majesty has been pleased to call them thus early together, to give them an opportunity of dispatching such parliamentary matters as they shall judge to be immediately necessary for the public service. On the 20th of June the Lord Lieutenant went again to the House of Peers, and gave the royal assent to the bill for allowing further time to persons in office or employments to qualify themselves, &c. and then prorogued the Parliament to the 23th of August. [*Thus far Gaz.*]

Extract of a letter from a gentleman residing in Paris, who mixes much amongst the people of first fashion.

"The change which some time ago took place in the Ministry here, still engages the conversation of all ranks; and no determination of the King's since his accession to the Throne, has perhaps been more applauded or condemned, by the two orders of society into which this people are remarkably divided. The people of rank, and the Parliament, are of the former opinion; all the bourgeois, and lower class of people, are to a man of the latter, except such as have actually suffered by the late regulations.

"This originates from the various alterations which have been made in many departments of the state, materially affecting the personal interest of great numbers. Turgot, who has from his first entrance into office, laboured to free the people from the great burthens by which they have been long oppressed, effected the suppression

suppression of many unjust monopolies very necessary. It was from this motive he prevailed on the King to remove the Caisse of Poetry, the nature of which you have already had often well explained. Because he saw the several manufacturers in a languishing state, he esteemed every encouragement to artificers highly requisite. On this account he obtained the exclusive privileges of setting up in Paris, which was formerly sold for a very considerable sum of money, to be taken away, and from permitting every one to pursue their trade in the best manner they are able, rightly imagined that the increased emulation would lead to greater perfection. These were obstinately resisted by the Parliament, not because the measures were not in themselves right, or were not calculated for promoting the good of the state, but because the greatest number of the members had money either lodged in the Caisse of Poetry, or lent to the master artificers, from which they drew an usurious interest, and which must by this means be lost. The immense expence his Majesty's household has been long supplied at, and the enormous debt for which the King is engaged, claimed the attention of both Turgot and Malzerb. Their advice to have the body of poor Noblesse, so heavy a charge upon the royal purse, reformed, was carried into execution. The same principle of economy occasioned the suppression of the Military School. Hence these two men raised up implacable enemies in the members which compose the Parliament, for curtailing their schemes of usury; in the Nobles, because so many were thrown out of employment; and lastly, they were opposed violently by the Queen, because her vanity had been severely wounded in the removal of so great a number of men of rank from being her attendants. Against so powerful a combination, it was impossible to make any effectual stand. The King was obliged to give up the only men in whom he placed any confidence, to the great regret of every disinterested man in the nation.

"The whole of France infinitely lament the circumstances of venality which actuated the Parliament, in the late opposition made to registering the King's edicts. This kingdom has looked upon that body as their own defence against the encroachments of their Monarchs; but when the members of it are capable of such corrupt resistance to wholesome measures, determined upon for the general

good, they naturally deprive themselves of all public confidence; and their opposition in future, though well founded, will lose its consequence from the remembrance of their former delinquency.

"Comte de Maurepas, who is now at the head of the Council, no one expects any thing considerable from. He has been a notorious debauchee all his life, and the ladies are well known to have too powerful an influence over him, even now in his winter of life, to render him fit for conducting the affairs of so large and so complicated a government. But some of the other arrangements have raised an opinion, that another change will ere long take place. The appointment of De Clugny to be Comptroller-General des Finances, is a proof that the partizans of the Duke de Choiseul are not at present particularly exceptionable. De Clugny was first introduced into office by his Grace; and though suffered to have a marine department, yet was still known to keep up a correspondence with the Duke. It is asserted, that his present nomination is owing to the Queen, and is supposed to be a chief d'œuvre of her Majesty's, as she rightly imagines it will tend greatly to bring about what has been long her favorite wish, the return of Choiseul into office. The Duke has been several times at Court since the arrangements, and has had two or three audiences of his Majesty. The Queen, it is well known, is continually endeavouring to bring this about; and as she is known to be a woman of intrigue, and by no means deficient in understanding, it is not doubted but she will succeed in the end. The principal objection which the King has to Choiseul, is, that he is no economist, and is so fond of éclat and brilliancy, that he never considers how inconvenient such expence may be. His Majesty, on the other hand, is of a grave, sedate turn; has applied himself much to business for some years past, and has a strong desire to get free of his numerous incumbrances."

Extract of a letter received from Mr. Broome, a tradesman of eminence in Philadelphia.

"We have lately opened a trade with the Dutch, French, and Spaniards, which is likely to be very extensive, and will be very advantageous to the colonies in general. The Dutch are rather cautious, and negotiate their business as private as possible. The French and Spaniards trade openly with us; and if they meet with any

any of his Majesty's cruizers, do not hesitate to tell them they are bound to some port in America. Much has been observed respecting the Indians: so far concerning their conduct I can assure you is true, they are very apprehensive that if the Americans are conquered, and obliged to submit to the taxes the British Parliament want to impose on them, they themselves will next be under the same predicament, and some of them entertain ideas of being made slaves of. The tribes of the Six United Nations are all in favour of America, as are several others. I believe there may be one or two tribes (who have had great presents made them, and large promises, by friends of government) inclined to join the British army."

The *Jane*, Fulton, taken by the Provincials, had a cargo on board, worth upwards of 6000*l.* which is mostly insured at Glasgow.

Extract of a letter from Dublin, June 25.

"George Edmund Howard, Esq. Agent to the Board of Commissioners, by their order, this day took defence, in the Court of King's Bench, to the action brought by George Ogle, Esq. against Mr. George Shil, for his refusing, by the direction of the Commissioners, to grant a clearance to the vessel in which Mr. Ogle had shipped beef for France. The public therefore hope the great constitutional question, whether the King's proclamation can make or suspend the law of the land or not, will receive a speedy, just, and legal determination, such being Mr. Ogle's great object."

Extract of a letter from Plymouth, June 29.

"His Majesty's ship *Galatea* got under sail on Wednesday last for America, but an express arrived to stop her until further orders, and it is now said she is going to Jamaica. The Commissioner paid the officers and seamen belonging to her two months advance before she got under weigh."

Extract of a letter from Lanark, June 25.

"This day the key stone was driven of the last arch of the elegant new bridge over the Clyde, two miles south of this place, leading from Edinburgh to Air; and in four weeks carriages may pass over the bridge with safety. It will prove of utility, and will prevent many fatal accidents, a number of which have happened lately for want of such a communication."

Extract of a letter from Portsmouth, dated June 26.

"Soon after the arrival of the fleet with the last division of Hessians, &c. on board, three strangers genteelly dressed, were observed visiting several of the transports, and privately circulating some printed papers among the men. It hath since been found out, that these papers were copies of the Address of the Congress to the foreign troops. They are printed in the German language, it is said, at the expence of a patriotic society in London. As soon as it was found out what they were about, orders were given to secure them; but they were seen towards evening in a chaise and four, supposed to be going for London. This address has made a great impression on the privates; and it is the opinion of most people here, that the greatest part of them will desert the first opportunity, and accept the offers of the Congress."

June 29. The celebrated *Monf. Voltaire*, notwithstanding his great age, still enjoys a perfect state of health; a gentleman just returned from spending a few weeks with him at his Chateau, asked him his opinion on modern English travellers, to which he sarcastically replied, "Most Englishmen, in my opinion, who travel abroad, leave *men* uneducated to see *pictures*!"

Toasts given the other day at a popular nobleman's table:—

May the virtue of New-England arise in the old.

May corrupted legislators be eased by the law finisher.

May some honest Wenzel couch the royal eye.

May titles of honour never be conferred on those who deserve a halter.

Since the dissolution of the Irish Parliament (about the middle of April last) the Ministry have given, in new pensions upon the Irish establishment, upwards of ten thousand pounds per annum. No wonder they had such a majority (43) upon the question for Speaker the other day! There are to be twenty new Irish Peerages in a few days, besides seven or eight advanced titles among the present Peers.

A merchant in the city of veracity assures us, he has received private intelligence from Versailles, which leaves no room to doubt that we shall most assuredly be involved in a war with France in the course of a few months.

July

July 6. Saturday morning a dreadful fire broke out at Mr. Booth's, one of the King's Messengers, in Great Maddox-street, which entirely destroyed the same and two houses adjoining, and greatly damaged several others. No water could be got for an hour after it broke out. Mr. Booth, with his wife and family, were obliged to make their escape out of the garret windows over the tops of several houses; and Mrs. Whitwell, sister to Sir John Griffin Griffin, and Lady Welderen, with her maid, unhappily perished in the flames. She lost her life thro' going into her bed-chamber to look for her lap-dog. She was afterwards found burnt to death, with a dog and two cats burnt by her side. The body of the maid servant is not found.

The above fire was near the back of the Lord Mayor's house in New Burlington-street, and his Lordship attended the whole time, encouraging the people to work at the engine.

We are assured, from undoubted authority, that a certain great law officer is, at this time, employed in forming an entire new code of laws for the future government of America.

A certain patriotic Commoner offered yesterday to wager a thousand guineas to one hundred, that wherever the army under General Howe landed, they did not penetrate ten miles any way into the country, without being mostly cut to pieces.

His Majesty, we hear, has created General Guy Carleton a Knight of the Bath, for his late eminent services in Canada.

It is thought Mr. Garrick will shortly retire to Hereford, to do honour to that City which gave him birth. His great archetype (Shakespeare) did the same, by retiring to Stratford-upon-Avon, where he died. We hope, however, there will be this difference between the bard and the actor, that the latter will enjoy his retirement much longer than the former, who survived his leaving the stage but four or five years.

Wednesday the report was made to his Majesty of the malefactors now under sentence of death in Newgate, when the following were ordered for execution on the 17th instant, viz. John Mayo, John Standish, and James Humphries, for robbing Morris Keating on the highway, near Kensington Gravel Pits; Archibald Girdwood (convicted in February sessions) for sending a letter to Mr. Edridge, threatening revenge for the death of one Mr.

Adester, who had been executed for robbing Mr. Eldridge; Thomas Askew and John Bissel, for counterfeiting the silver coin in this kingdom; George Rowney, alias Rowley, and Thomas Rowney, alias Rowley, his son, for breaking into the house of Mr. Mattison, haberdasher, in King-street, Cheap-side, and stealing several bills of exchange to a considerable amount, a quantity of fatten, &c.

The following were respited during his Majesty's pleasure: Henry Jordan, for returning from transportation before the expiration of his term; Thomas Jones, alias Evans (convicted in February sessions) for assaulting Mr. Newman, in Bow-street, and by threats obtaining from him a sum of money; William Davis and Thomas Kinman, for robbing John Thomas Pope, on the highway, near Tottenham-court turnpike, of a watch and some money; James Blackett, for privately stealing in the dwelling-house of a person unknown; James Lecores and William Godfrey, for stealing in the house of Mrs. Stroudback, a Bank note of 20l. and 31l. in cash, the property of Dan. Dance.

Benjamin Bates and John Green, for a burglary in the house of James Penleaze, Esq. in Hackney-road, and taking Bank notes, plate, and other valuable things, are respited for one month from yesterday.

13. On Saturday last a fire broke out in the house of the Rev. Mr. Thompson, at Cranfield, in Bedfordshire, which was discovered by a farmer's boy, very early in the morning, going to water his horses. He immediately alarmed the family, but not time enough, to prevent the death of Mr. Thompson, who was burnt, with the furniture, bedding, &c. of his room, which fell through to the story below. It is said it began by Mr. Thompson's falling asleep, and leaving his candle burning by the bed-side, which it is supposed caught the bed-cloaths, and caused this sad accident.

Thursday evening last as Mr. Best, Secretary to the Hanoverian Minister, was returning to town from Chelsea, he was stopped by a single footpad, who robbed him of two guineas, and then made off.

Complaints have been made to government by the commander in chief in Scotland of the insufficient military force at present in that kingdom, in case of an invasion.

A correspondent who is well acquainted with the etiquette of the Chevalier St. George's situation, assures us, there can be

be no foundation for the news-paper report of his having fought a duel with an English Nobleman; as however he may be looked upon here as only a private Nobleman, and consequently entitled to give his *equal* satisfaction in case of the affront, all his family have considered themselves in that *superior* light, as to think a meeting of this kind, derogatory to their *amounted* situation.

It is reported that a letter was received yesterday from Halifax, dated June 10, which says, "Lord Howe, with a great number of transports, is arrived at this place, and is, with the above vessels, going to put to sea again, but to what part he is bound we cannot say. It is said here, his Lordship has received intelligence that four large ships in the service of the Americans, and some stout privateers, are going in pursuit of him. The Eagle, his Lordship's ship, met with bad weather on her voyage, and started a plank, which made her very leaky."

A letter from Boston, May 29, says, "By the assiduousness of the inhabitants, and some Prussian engineers, the fortifications of this place will in a few days be rendered so strong, as to be able to defend Boston from the attack of our enemies, if ever so numerous or powerful. Several transports from England have been lately taken near this place by our privateers."

A report was current at the West end of the town, yesterday morning, that advice was received of the forces under General Howe having made good their landing at Rhode Island, without opposition, and also of the arrival there of Ld. Howe, with the fleet under his command.

By a private letter received from a merchant at Antigua, we are informed, that his Majesty's sloop of war, the Lynx, of ten carriage guns, is taken by an American privateer off that port.

There is no doubt, from the most authentic intelligence received by government, that General Lee is intrenched up to the chin before New-York with 15,000 effective men; and that Colonel Arnold is encamped within a few miles of Quebec with near 20,000 fighting men; so that we may soon expect to hear of warm work from both those quarters.

By an authentic letter from Watertown, in America, we have advice, that the Cherokee Tribes of Indians have taken up the hatchet in defence of the Colonies.

Government was so close that no news might transpire from Halifax, that the packet arrived Monday *se'n*ight at Falmouth, yet the letters were not delivered out at the General Post-Office till Monday, which gave them time to examine every letter, to see they made no discoveries of what is transacted on that side of the water.

The following is the purport of the intelligence received by Capt. Furse, who left Boston the 1st of June, 1776, and arrived at Bristol, after a passage of thirty days: — The town and harbour of Boston are now compleatly fortified, and they have in garrison 1600 continental troops, well armed and disciplined, as are also 10,000 minute men in the country, who are ready to march at an hour's notice, and can be collected in a short space of time, proper alarm signals being fixed for that purpose. After garrisoning of Boston, the rest of the army marched in divisions for New-York. They are a body of fine fellows, and actual service has made them good soldiers.

Letters from Corke say, that the contractors for provisions for the use of government, have found it very difficult to load the last ships which arrived from England, bound to North-America, that kingdom having been so much drained, that the poor in many parts of it are in a starving condition; that fresh orders were just arrived there, to get ready a considerable quantity, more immediately to supply some ships that were just ready to sail from Spithead for that place; but the contractors have been told, that if they endeavour to send off any more, that the country people would rise, and it would bring on an insurrection in the kingdom; and they would run the risk of having their houses, &c. pulled down, and they, and their families murdered.

Lord George Germaine's letters to Governor Eden, informing him of Cornwallis's destination, force, &c. were intercepted, and sent to the Congress. The army of Canada, which consisted of 15 battalions, was entrenched near the river Sorrel.

We have it from undoubted authority, that Mr. Stanley and Mr. Jenkinson are gone to Paris with proposals to cede all Canada to the crown of France, upon condition of their taking an active part against the Americans.

A private letter from Corke, by the Endeavour, Hawkins, who arrived on Friday

Friday last in the river, says, that a large body of people on horseback attacked several carriages which were coming to that place with provisions for the government ships; that they took all the horses out, and afterwards the provisions, sent the drivers back with the horses to tell their owners, that if ever they met them again carrying provisions off, they would murder them and the horses. They then set fire to the carriages, and burnt them to ashes. Then every one loaded his horse with as much as he could carry; and the rest they left for the poor people to take off.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Stone, of Gravel-lane, Wapping, sail-maker, to Miss Pugh.

Mr. John Warner, of East-lane, Bermondsey, to Miss Maria Harding, niece to William Hucks, Esq. of Bloomsbury square.

George Children, Esq. of Tunbridge, to Miss Susannah Jordan, 2d daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jordan, of West Farleigh, in Kent.

Mr. Depareille, of York Buildings, Strand, to Mrs. Griffon, of Kensington.

Robert Travis, Esq. brother-in-law to the Duchess of Argyll, to Miss Frances Compton.

The Rev. Mr. Comyn, vicar of Tottenham, to Miss Harriot Charlotte Stables, of St. James's-street.

John Darby, Esq. to Miss Mary Carolina Bobyer, late of Suffolk-street, Middlesex Hospital.

Mr. Fisher, Cheap-side, attorney, to Miss Wilson, daughter of Mr. Wilson, of Bell-yard, Carey-street, attorney.

The Rev. Mr. Mosely, rector of Tostock, to Miss Sukey Sparrow, of Saffron Walden, both in Essex.

Hugh Bencher, Esq. of Westminster, to Miss Roanok, of John-street, Berkeley-square.

Thomas Esq. of Glamorganshire, to Miss Powell, eldest daughter to Mr. Powell, of Chancery-lane.

William Read, Esq. of the Customs at Bournemouth, to Miss Langdon, of Southwark.

Sir William Gordon, Knight of the Bath, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Brussels, to Lady Mary Phillips, widow, of Gerrington Park, Leicestershire.

Lately, at Huntspill, in Somersetshire, a farmer of 70, to a girl of 20; he had a special warrant against her in one pocket, and a licence in the other.

A few days since, William Kenrick, Esq. L.L.D. to Miss Fanny Gymer, daughter of the late — Gymer, Esq. of Norwich.

A few days ago, in Ireland, the Hon. Henry Lawes Luttrell, Lieut. Colonel of the horse (blues) to Miss Boyd, daughter of George Boyd, Esq. of Abbey-street, Dublin.

Osborn Standert, Esq. of the Navy-Office, to Miss Eliza Bonner, daughter of the late Samuel Bonner, Esq. a Master in Chancery.

DEATHS.

At Bengal, Mr. John Mosden Hotch, many years in the Company's service there.

In Southwark, Mr. Smith, stock broker.

At Apley, near Bridgnorth, the Lady of Thomas Whitmore, Esq. Member for Bridgnorth.

In Carey-street, Ensign Beckwith, of the 27th regiment.

In New Ormond-street, Mrs. Bleslet, a maiden lady.

At Newington, Mrs. Hannah Briton, wife of Mr. Briton, linen-draper, in the Borough.

Mrs. Frances Erskine, daughter of the late John Erskine, Earl of Mar.

Mr. Abbott, dealer in horses at Knareborough, he dropt down as he was cutting beef-steaks for dinner.

At Saintes, in France, a goldsmith, aged 140; he married a wife at 79, by whom he had three children, now living.

At Hanover, Baron de Sporken; by his death Baron de Kilmagleg is eldest General of the Electoral troops.

At Chelmsford, aged 60, Mr. John Griffith, a principal speaker among the Quakers.

In Cornhill, Mr. Berresford, merchant.

At Halifax, in Nova Scotia, Major Gray, of the 55th regiment of foot.

John Webb, Esq. of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, brother to Mr. Webb, member for Ilchester.

At Westport, in Ireland, the Hon. Miss Browne, 2d daughter to Lord Viscount Westport.

The Rev. Charles Monckton, Rector of Eaton, in Hampshire.

At Temple Rodley, Tho. Babington, Esq.

In Grosvenor-street, the eldest daughter of Tho. Wood, Esq. of Littleton.

At Finner, in Middlesex, the Hon. Wm. Byron, only son of Lord Byron, Member for Morpeth.

In Clare Market, Mr. Thomas Roberts, butcher.

In Lisle-street, Southwark, in his 79th year, Mr. Greenway, formerly an officer in the Prussian service.

In Averymary-lane, age 76, Mr. John Fuller, bookfeller.

In Jamaica, Mr. James Cammel, formerly a cooper at Rotherhithe.

At Stockton upon Tees, the Rev. Mr. John Wood, 36 years curate of that place.

At Coker, near Bath, the Rev. Tho. Proctor, grandson to the late Tho. Proctor, Esq. of Rock Castle, Northumberland.

In Curzon-street, May Fair, Mr. Cox, Doorkeeper and Messenger to the House of Peers.

At Fulham, Mr. Hastings, one of the greatest Woolstaplers in England.

In Rathbone Place, Wm. Gascoigne, Esq. in the Commission for Middlesex.

In Rolls Buildings, Fetter-lane, Mr. Riley, a Sheriff's Officer for Middlesex.

At Brussels, Baron Bulow, General of artillery, Col. of a regiment of foot, and Commander in Chief of the Emper's troops in the Low Countries.

At East Hadden, Clarke Adams, Esq. Lieut. Col. in the Northampton militia.

At Islington, Mr. Stephen Brown, stockbroker.

In Bury-street, St. James's, Mr. Chamber, surgeon.

At Southampton, Mr. Bullock, a Messenger to his Majesty.

Mr. Todd, foreman to Messrs. Wheatley, distillers in Old-street; the still-head fell on him, and fractured his skull, so that he died in carrying to the hospital.

The Rev. Mr. Oliver, vicar of Twer-ton.

At Bristol, Mr. Roberts, father of Mr. Roberts, at the Crow, in Crown-lane, aged 103.

In Curzon-street, May-Fair, the Rev. Mr. Weston.

In Bedford-Row, Bloomsbury, Mr. Caswall, wine merchant.

At Chiswick, Mr. Spateman.

At Limehouse, in his 76th year, Richard Hare, Esq. brewer, in the commission for Middlesex.

At Maidstone, in Kent, Clement Taylor, Esq.

At Contentibus, in Scotland, the Hon. Major Sandilands.

At Bath Dr. Wall, of Worcester, physician.

The Rev. Mr. Davis, curate of St. Luke, Old-steet, and master of the late Mr. Worral's free school, in that parish.

At Bath, David Flint, Esq. late Secretary to the Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures, &c.

Lieut. Col. Horton, of the 1st regiment of foot-guards.

Mr. Balliset, wire-drawer, in Cold Bath Fields.

Mr. Allen, grocer, in Whitechapel.

BANKRUPTS.

From June 25, to June 29.

Richard Richards, of Caerleton, of Monmouthshire, maltster and cornfactor.

Richard Botfield, of Bridgnorth, in Salop, joiner, linen draper and shoemaker.

Robert Williams, of Bristol, maltster and common brewer.

From June 29, to July 6.

Paul Pickersgill, of Rippon, in York-shire, merchant.

Iaac Frances, of Lemon-street, Goodman's-fields, merchant.

Benjamin Cordell, of Horsham, in Sussex, innkeeper.

Liscombe Price the younger, of Bartlet's-buildings, Holborn, scrivener.

John Turner, of Harwich, in Essex, ship-builder.

John Roscow, of Salford, in Lancashire, suttan-maker.

Robert Jegon, of Hungerford, Berks, merchant.

John Encell, of Bristol, glazier.

Erasmus James, of Falmouth, in Cornwall, ropemaker.

From July 6, to July 13.

John Carr, of Scotland-yard, Middlesex, coal-merchant, (partner in trade with James Farrer and Edward Arrowsmith, of the same place, coal-merchants)

John Payne, of St. Andrew, Holborn, bookfeller.

Thomas Piggot, of Silver-street, Wood-street, glover.

John Jones, of Coventry, dealer.

John Marler, of Trowbridge, Wilts, clothier.

Samuel Elliot, of Chippenham, Wilts, innholder.

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